

Esquire

JANUARY 1986 • PRICE \$2.50

Man At His Best

Dubious Achievements of 1985!



PLUCK!

Madonna sets off a skin war!

MUCK!
Rambolays waste to the movies!



DUCK!

Bernhard Goetz rides the bullet train to stardom!

YUCK!
New Coke is introduced... to the distaste of millions!



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the bottoms.

She likes
the tops.

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one taste they
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tar, 0.06 mg nicotine av. per cigarette,
FTC Report Feb. '96



JEFF HAMILTON

1986 Mercury Sable. You've reshaped your thinking. Obviously, so have we.



Architectural new shape. The 1986 Mercury Sable.

The new Mercury Sable is truly a sweeping automotive advance. One that shows we've kept up with the times as much as you have.

You see it in Sable's wind-slippery shape that moves through the air more efficiently than any other domestic four-door sedan. With flush glass all around to further smooth the passage of air and reduce wind noise. You see it in Sable's dramatic

new "laser" lightbar extending between the flush-mounted aerodynamic headlamps. For efficient engine cooling, air is drawn up from underneath. So Sable's front end can be sculpted smoothly and smartly.

It has front-wheel drive, of course. Driven by a 3.0-liter V-6 that's new right down to the dipstick. Its advanced, electronically controlled fuel injection is of the sequential port variety.

To ensure that this remarkable new Sable rides and handles as good as it looks, there's four-wheel independent rear suspension working in combination with gas pressurized shocks.

Inside, everyone will think of Sable as a driver's car. Except the passengers. Both bucket and split bench seats are available with power lumbar support. Controls are positioned right where your hands and feet would like

them to be. Backlighted instruments tell you just about everything you ever wanted to know about a car's condition.

Also, you can order a defrosting windshield that uses a new

electronic film to clear your vision—a convenience offered by no other carmaker.

But perhaps most important of all, Sable is a Mercury. And Mercury's commitment to quality

isn't just something written on paper—it's built into the car. You're ready for a car that suits today and you, beautifully. And the car you're ready for is ready for you. The 1986 Mercury Sable.

For more information, call 1-800 MERCFAX

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MERCURY. The shape you want to be in.



Every so often, my hair gets a little oily. That's why Head & Shoulders Normal to Oily formula is just right for me. Its tough dandruff protection works only where I need it. On my scalp. While just a light touch of conditioner leaves my hair looking clean and healthy.



NORMAL TO OILY FORMULA

Also available in German for *Das Wunder*

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ESQUIRE COVERS

A not-so-kind farewell to the state of New York. Llanes was Biting. Pre was Mellow, and other such discourses.

Our guest is
Sandra Haddock.

...and death
and some other

remains: Page

THE INVOICE

DEPARTMENTS

Cover: Photo: Jeffery Rupp, MA, USA

[illegible]

An extraordinary new series of official legal tender coins—the first of its kind ever issued by any government...



The coin in this collection will bear the first ever obverse portrait of Queen Elizabeth II to be issued in 50 years. Shown actual size. Designer: Stuart

The Government of the British Virgin Islands announces

The TREASURE COINS of the Caribbean

IN SOLID STERLING SILVER

A collection of 25 silver Proof coins, portraying the most important hidden treasures of the Caribbean—recovered and unrecovered.

Available by subscription only
Face value \$20 U.S. / Price for Collector's Proof, \$25 U.S.
Price guaranteed for subscribers entered by January 31, 1986

THE CARIBBEAN... centuries of capture and wealth. Where pirates, men of war and wandering privateers challenged the elements—and one another—in their quest for treasure. And where, today, adventurers explore for those ships that went down long ago—laden with riches beyond measure.

Now, for the very first time, you can acquire a collection of official currency that embodies this enduring heritage of the Caribbean. A collection of twenty coins, unlike any other ever issued. Consisting of 25 sterling silver coins that recognize, in superbly designed detail, the legendary treasures of the Spanish Main.

As legal tender of the British Virgin Islands, the coins will bear a face value of \$20, equal to \$20 in U.S. currency. The coins are large—the size of covered pence in weight. And freely will be struck only in solid sterling silver. The use of this precious metal is becoming a rarity in world coinage—especially in coins of this size and weight.

Portrayed on the coins will be the most significant treasures of the Caribbean. Each has been selected through a major initiative involving marine archaeologists, treasure-hunters, and such noted supporters of maritime records as the British Museum, Lloyd's of London, and the Archivo General de Indias—the leading authority on Spanish colonial shipping.

There will be coins showing the great riches of the Caribbean—bejeweled ships, exquisite works of silver and gold, royal treasure and private wealth that never reached its destination. Other coins will depict significant archaeological finds—offering a view of life during the age of exploration. And perhaps most intriguing of all will be the silver coins portraying those treasures still undiscovered—but whose existence is known through drawings, ship's manifests, and maritime disaster reports.

Taken together, these 25 match-

ing denomination coins will constitute the most comprehensive series ever issued on a unified theme. A collection unequalled in scope by the coverage of any nation in our time.

The collection is available by subscription only. The Government of the British Virgin Islands has authorized an official vendor, The Franklin Mint, to accept and fulfill valid applications. Subscriptions entered by January 31, 1986, will be accepted at the guaranteed price of \$25 for each sterling silver Proof. To make this guarantee possible, the company will contract for sufficient silver, at current prices, to cover the entire series of coins for each subscriber.

Each Proof coin will be accompanied by a reference folder and location map, relating the intriguing story of the treasure portrayed. A special presentation case for the collection will be provided at no extra cost.

By entering your subscription now, you and your family can share a unique adventure in collecting as you build a valuable treasure of solid silver coins. To secure your collection at the guaranteed price, please file accompanying application by January 31, 1986.



The TREASURE COINS of the Caribbean

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19062

Please enter my subscription for one Proof set of "The Treasure Coins of the Caribbean," consisting of 25 coins of the British Virgin Islands with the face value of \$20 each, to be struck in solid sterling silver and sent to me at the rate of one per month. I send my money now. I will be paid \$25* for each silver Proof, beginning with my first coin, to be sent. This price is guaranteed to me for the entire series. My presentation case will be sent to me at no additional charge.

*Plus my state sales tax and \$1. for shipping and handling.

Please mail by January 31, 1986

Signature _____
Mr./Mrs./Miss _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

THANKS TO VENICE

HERE IT is, the morning after a scorching night when I was up until 3:00 a.m. I'm tired. So I turn to a little light reading: I turn to *Esquire*, I turn to "My Venice, My Self" by Lewis Grossberger, October's And now I am at a great time: I am doing that ritual of three for me, laughing out loud—and here—in the writing world. Even Woody Allen only gets a smile most of the time. I think, in my sleep-deprived state, that it would be good to let Lewis Grossberger know how good he's made me feel today. How he's helped. Oh, never mind. Just think a lot. You know? If I know him, he'd get a pat for this. And we're not talking store-bought credit, either.

Elizabeth Berg
Shelton, Miss

LOVE AND PAIR AND LINDA

I STARTED reading the October issue while listening to my "bad tape." Linda Ronstadt's songs take over most of the tape and include "Long, Long Time" and "Talk to Me of Meowlands." So it was a pleasant surprise to learn that in Ron Ronstadt's story "Melancholy Baby."

Her theory of love as both in very interesting, since that seems to have been Wagner's also. In the "Labyrinth" (literally "love-death") from his opera *Tristan and Isolde*, the lovers' theme is finally heard in its soaring entirety as a strange sort of consummation that was interrupted in the previous act. Isolde sings over Tristan's body as she also dies. Another hauntingly and opens in Debra's *Labyrinth* (strongly enough, both the "Gothic" and *Labyrinth* have been used for artistic consummation).

John Sanchez
New York, N.Y.

NOT IN THE ASHTRAY

JOHN BRADSHAW'S Rhapsodic account of Phoebe Dene ("The Boston Quaker," October) made for gripping reading, but it was too hard to gaze around the ashtray. Nevertheless, having lived in India for five years during the height of Phoebe Dene's infamous dumping-as well as capture by the news media as well as by the police, I experienced firsthand and experienced his acute observation, especially as far

as indifference toward youth and vandalism for age. We in this country who worship the transient youthful body and become horrified at the first signs of age could well benefit from the wisdom of the East. In India, I found that even the most free-spirited person does not misidentify with the changing body, and the impermanence of youth is taken as something which must be passed through, like a desert, and tolerated. Even a desert isolated with deserts such as Phoebe Dene is not as dangerous as the uncontrolled senses of youth.

Nancy Blum
International Society for
Analysis of Consciousness
Brooklyn, N.Y.

LONE RANGER

IS RICHARD Roe Gurnet, uh, for real? After reading his account of the Nichols case, and in particular the story behind the infamous lawman ("The Ballad of Johnny France," October), I can help but wonder why I haven't seen more of Gurnet's writing in your magazine. I loved it.

Scott R. LaFount
Genevieve, Pa.

NONE OF Johnny France's police work, mountain trails, or writing brought about the answer. He had an "Invisible Mountain Men" in this rocky ridge and, finally, got the drop, as "The Ballad of Johnny France" claims. Johnny France got lucky; his brother-in-law happened to see the captive snake and called the authorities.

And where was the Old West hero then? Out selling his horse? Perhaps he was practicing with his horse in preparation for the big capture? No, he was getting his mountain repaired.

Robert D. Lewis
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

PRO AND CON SMITH

I FOUND Adam Smith's column "Who's Responsible for This?" (Unconventional Wisdom, October) thoroughly provocative, and would offer some observations.

In our increasingly complex world, it has, indeed, become more and more difficult to assign responsibility. We tend to take fewer and fewer unilateral actions and more and more cooperative or collabo-

rative actions. Responsibility seems, therefore, to get spread around, so does credit, as does blame. So, as the saying goes, "If everyone's responsible, then no one is responsible."

As I recently noted in a speech, it is interesting to me that the SAT scores of our kids declined for twenty years and nobody was fired. I mean that.

Mutual responsibility in the form of initiative, vision, competitive approaches, and integrated management systems certainly leads to a more productive and creative workplace. Unfortunately, it also can shield the individual from accountability. Without accountability, performance inevitably sinks the lowest common denominator. That means mediocrity.

If we have an American Dream predicated upon the opportunity for success, we must also guarantee the right to fail. Mr. Smith, you're right again.

William E. Brock
U.S. Secretary of Labor
Washington, D.C.

ADAM SMITH'S recent column "Compensation and Incentives" September) on my past acquisition attempts leaves its criticism on a shaky factual foundation. Mr. Smith reports that "insiders" cause legislative corporations to achieve increased value. He also states that acquisition strategies concentrate on short-term profits at the expense of long-term growth. Both positions are flawed.

Although some acquisitions may involve the sale of marginal assets, few result in complete liquidation.

It is equally mistaken to conclude that value enhancement in the near term jeopardizes earnings growth in the long term. In the case of many major oil companies, the market has undervalued stock prices because it correctly perceived the absence of viable long-term strategies. In a capitalizing, low-growth industry such as petroleum, it is prudent for managements to return value to shareholders by reducing equity and, in some cases, increasing debt. The industry simply has far more cash flow than it has profitable investment opportunities.

T. Bruce Perkins Jr.
Austin, Tex.

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TO ANSWER YOUR NEEDS
BY LISTENING TO
WHAT YOU WANT.

FORD TAURUS.

THE GOAL WAS TO BE BEST IN CLASS.

Even as the first designer or engineer began work, over 400 specific objectives were being established for Taurus.

The list was based on how you drive an automobile... what you want from it... what you need from it. The list included: How comfortable the seat belts are to wear, the effort required to open and close the doors, the convenience of checking the oil

The idea was this: If we design each part, assembly and feature to make the car better to use, then we will have designed a better vehicle overall.

THE RESULT IS TAURUS.

A front-wheel-drive sedan that is responsive and rewarding to the driver. That provides room. That offers thoughtful features to driver and passenger alike. A unique sedan where design and engineering come together in one functional unit.

Taurus. A car so well thought out even the shape is part of its dedication to function. So you can judge it not only by how good it looks, but how well it works.

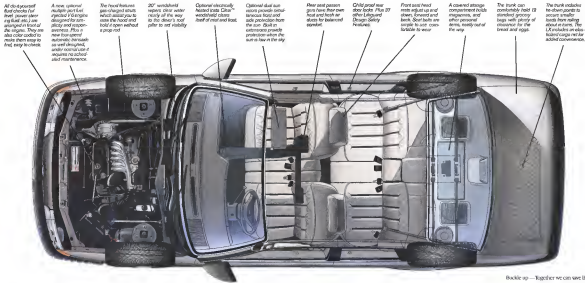
CONSIDER THE SHAPE.

Even the shape of Taurus is designed to help it work better. The shape manages the flow of air to help press the tires to the pavement for positive road holding. The flush fitting side windows not only contribute to

the overall integrity of the design, but reduce wind noise as well.

Taurus is now available at your Ford Dealer. You've invited to see it for yourself. And when you do, we think you'll have a feeling that the car was designed to be exactly what you're looking for. Because it is.





Buckle up — Together we can save lives.

FORD'S NEW CONCEPT IN ENGINEERING
BEGAN WITH YOUR NEEDS FIRST.

FORD TAURUS.

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Taurus was not simply engineered to work well, but also to be easy to use.

This means making sure Taurus is a car that is easy to live with day to day. That is satisfying to own, maintain and operate. And a car that accommodates the needs of the driver, the needs of the passengers,

that provides ample room for luggage.

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Participating Ford Dealers stand behind their work, in writing, with a free Lifetime Service Guarantee for as long as you own your Ford car. Ask to see this guarantee when you visit your participating Ford Dealer.

BEST-BUILT AMERICAN CARS.

At Ford Quality is Job 1. A 1985 survey established that

Ford makes the best-built American cars. This is based on an average of problems reported by owners in a six-month period on 1984-1985 models designed and built in the U.S.

Have you driven a Ford lately?



Where you're going, it's Michelob.

The way you work, the way you play, you're on your way to the top. Where you're going, it's exceptionally smooth Michelob.



ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. ST. LOUIS MO

Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE The Sound of Plastic



ILLUSTRATION: GABRIELE NERI

Over sixty years ago, more than a century ago in the steaming jungles of South Asia, where the anxious screams of millions of lost souls were heaved to meet the industrial world's need for plastic. Used in flashers and varnishes, plastic in its molded form was made into electrical insulators and fixtures. But growing demand was putting serious pressure on supply. So scientists, with a sense of urgency matched only by the Manhattan Project, launched a frantic search for a synthetic plastic. Within forty years a grateful world was presented with the gift of plastic, the material par excellence of the twentieth century, and the lay population heaved a collective sigh of relief.

Yes, we're talking plastic. Collectible plastic. More specifically, the brightly colored 1950s and 1960s radios made of Bakelite, the world's first moldable plastic, invented in 1907 by Belgian-born chemist

Leo Hendrik Baekeland. Backed by something of an eccentric—on his declining years he took to working in his swimming pool dressed in a white tuxedo suit, and perhaps he had the credentials of genius to back it up. Clearing obstacles that had frustrated numerous predecessors, he managed to come up with a miracle substance that, in the words of an early enthusiast, "molds at the disintegrating forces of heat and cold, time and tide, and acid solvents." Baekeland was an instant success, secured upon by industry for uses ranging from pot handles to billiard balls. The Age of Plastic was born.

The radios that popped out of the molding machines during Baekeland's grandeur days were some of the most varied and stylistically inspired consumer goods ever produced in America. The colors, rich, brilliant, and assertive, ran to candy-apple red, barnstormer, bright yellow, turquoise, and star-blasted blue, often in bold con-

trastions. The styling reflected the variegated substance of the bakelite, cars, and trunks of the period, or, as one ad put it, "that serve and dash which is so expressive of contemporary life." The popular 1938 Fada "bullet" radio, for example, is a horizontal rectangle rounded off on one side, giving a propulsive whorl to what would otherwise be a plastic shoe box. The effect is heightened by this horizontal grille openings that suggest radiating currents. Occasionally designers would take a walk on the wild side—there's an Air-King in bright red that looks like a stepped-back skyscraper—but in general Bakelite radios made the spare, confident stylishness of a First Avenue dance stop

PLAY IT AGAIN

Apparently this appreciation was just on the greater public, despite a trade journal's claim that "Mr and Mrs. Consumer... find the texture and beauty of [Bakelite] an irresistible attraction when they are in a buying mood."

The radios were never all that successful in their own day and subsequently lay unused for decades. Until the early 1970s, you could pick one up for twenty-five dollars or so. In the mid-1970s, though, attitudes changed. The European began rediscovering Bakelite and staged major shows in Paris, Rotterdam, and Venice. A few discerning dealers took a closer look at Bakelite radios and listed what they saw. The turning point came in 1984, when collector and dealer John Salek of John Salek Arts and Antiques in Malibu Bridge, New York, organized a major show of Bakelite radios for the Mural Room Gallery in New York. It was a hit, with repeat salesmen from the Whitney and the Met checking out the

action alongside enthusiastic first-time purchasers, who were already aware of previously unknown and of some. Prices ranged from \$450 to \$850, with the hottest action at the top end.

What exactly is it that has collectors shelling out up to \$1,500 for a radio that doesn't even get FM? First, there is the new appreciation for unashamedly American design: bold, simple, unadorned, and upstart. The nostalgia element is hard to ignore, since the radio captures a simpler time and a less perplexed, less neurotic American character. Says one writer on design: "You almost expect to hear Ronald Reagan's voice come out of them, announcing those old CBS games." Neophyte collector Robert Cruz, who picked up four Bakelite radios at the Mural show "purely for aesthetic reasons," says, "I do tend to listen to swing music on them. Somehow it just doesn't seem right to have Madonna coming out of the speakers."

Not to spoil the party, but a somewhat more complicated New Wave sensibility is at work here, too. In the 1980s plastic was a damning adjective that, uttered in tones of withering scorn, encompassed everything that was wrong with America. How long ago that seems. Now there is something like a veneration of the synthetic and artificial. So plastic is retro high, and Bakelite is bakelite.

BUYING INTO BAKELITE

No one expects prices to continue skyrocketing the way they have over the past few years, but with plastic firmly established as a collectible and the supply of good Bakelite radios steadily dwindling, there is considerable room for upward movement. Basically, there is no more deterioration of color, condition, rarity, and color/styling. The hard-to-find

Man At His Best

two-humped camels, not one-legged ones. Camel's hair from the single-hump dromedary is mainly good for making rope and parashutes. Double-kinky hair is the one that grows the hair from which polo coats are made.

After it's been worn or packed in a suitcase, some finer coat needs to be sent back to that sootied fluff, sprigged back into place. Bringing it to the direction of the season is one way to do it. Manually fluffing up the coat like a pillow also helps. Bunches of wool and camels' hair are nicer than those pure camel's hair, and there is

a price advantage, too. A coat of 100-percent camel's hair, for instance, costs \$600 at Tipton's in New York. A wool blend at Brooks Brothers sells for \$300.

Since polo coats were more popular with the uniforms, the connection between the coat and the sport was tenuous. The coat is an expensive item, as is polo, and that may be enough of a connection. Not only does it look like a lot of the companies that sponsor polo matches—Cathart, Rodeo, Pigeon, and Carter—but so do the men who play the game. —John Benetti

THE SEASONED COOK Mean Cuisine



Chili beans were born in the dark, sun-filled back hills of southern Kentucky, where men worked something hard and busy that could be easily consumed while they pondered a difficult job or laid out their prowess at pool. In time some small regional diners added chili beans to the menu, but never with much success. Pool balls became so associated with truly superb chili beans that rumor arose that the secret ingredient in a pot of true chili bean chili was a dash of pool chalk.

But the real secret to great chili beans lies first in the method of cooking internally and as heart) and second in the chili powder (made at home). If these two fundamentals are

executed properly, you can easily make great quantities of wonderful chili beans right in your own kitchen. And once you've tasted them, you'll want to make them a lot.

If you don't have a good table in your den, don't rush out to buy one. Modern tastes have demonstrated that chili beans also go perfectly with talented winter sports. They are the ideal no-nonsense food for basketball Super Bowl hype, and they have enough clout to withstand even the most loyal of hockey players. In my family they are usually consumed during the NCAA basketball tournament, and there is reason to believe that the fan of the Kentucky Wildcats may somehow be linked to the quantity and quality of chili

beans each year. We didn't have them in 1964 when Georgetown polished the floor with Ben Bowin and Nelson Turpin and that seems to be as good a reason as any yet offered to explain such gregarious defeat.

A BUN WITH A RITE

Along with a good game, you'll need about seven or eight pounds to help you polish off a pot of chili. If you are shy and find something such as a crowd a problem, it's good to know that chili will freeze quite nicely.

You'll also want beer. Don't go for a heavy, dark style; something medium seems to slide the fat of the chili better. Buy several six-packs of a straightforward, sturdy brand for you and your friends to consume. While you're at it, buy a quart of cheap (not "lite") beer as well. A few hours before you cook the chili, open the quart and let it go flat.

You will need seven pounds of ground beef for the chili and one pound of ground pork. No special cuts need be ground. That is fundamental law.

Put the meat into a large, unheated kettle, mixing beef and pork together and breaking the meat apart lightly as you do. Don't outpace the meat with your fingers. Chili-bun chili, unlike chili bowl or ten-minute varieties, cools down to a uniform consistency, with no chunks or lumps.

Sprinkle the meat with three teaspoons of salt, two cloves of minced garlic, and three good-size onions chopped fine. Pour the fat beer over it. Put your hands in the whole mess and mix lightly but thoroughly, being careful not to compact the meat. Stir the mixture over high heat until it begins to boil. Then turn the heat down to medium-low and let the contents cook slowly for one and a half hours, uncovered. Stir occasionally to keep it from sticking.

While you wait, make your chili powder: You do not necessarily have to make your own, but you can make a perfectly adequate pot of chili-bun chili with a suitable chili powder bought right from the shelf of your gro-

cery store. I did for years. Then one night I found the jar was empty, just as the chili was ready for aging. So I whipped up a batch of homemade seasoning, thereby stumbling into a truly superb chili mix recipe—one that a lifelong chili-bun aficionado claims rivals the legendary Newt's Potpourri chili served in Carlin, Kentucky, in the 1930s. Newt's beans made the worst pop out on your upper lip, she said. So will chili beans made with this powder. If you are short-bought powder, you will have to sprinkle your chili-bun with Tobacco to achieve the same advisable effect.

To make your own-chili powder, pop in a blender five tablespoons of hot, crushed New Mexico or Mexican (not Italian) chili peppers, three tablespoons of ground onion, and a tablespoon of dried leaf oregano, and three cloves of garlic. Whir briefly until the garlic is pulverized and everything is mixed together.

When the meat has cooked the prescribed time, sprinkle the powder over the top. Turn the heat down very low and let the powder steep in. During that time you can heat the beer, everyone, and chop a medium white onion into fine pieces. Then turn the heat up under the chili fairly hard and cook for ten minutes, stirred constantly so the mixture doesn't stick and the powder gets mixed in thoroughly. The chili should be moist and juicy, but not soupy.

Sprinkle some cheap oil over the center of each bun—enough so there will be a grease in every bite. Mustard is optional, but be sure to use the bright-yellow kind, not ketchup, and tug at the interiors of the buns thoroughly. Don't squirt it on top.

You want to pack the chili in tightly, not serve it like a sloppy joe. To do this, place a chopstick vertically in the center of the bun, pushing and smothering it with the back of the spoon. Build up and out to the ends from there, packing until the bun is tightly and compactly filled and can be easily bit.

For an hour-long producing question: —Russi Landy

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THE DRINKING MAN How to Dress Your Drink



The feeling of respect that accompanies the flip-over from December to January doesn't come randomly. Put up a good show, and there'll be a little slip back into our same old selves. There are modes of behavior associated with many holidays: stonemason, gentleness, intercollegiate games or sword, lawyer of one kind or another. New Year's Day we devote to verifiability. It's the holiday on which we create appearances and criticize them. A proper time, then, for the drinking man to consider what looks good in a glass, to study the countenance of cocktails. To wit, a few hints on how to make your drinks appealing to the eye.

● Make your eye catch with hot water. They'll freeze clear and jewel-like, instead of cloudy in the middle, as if there's been some freezing of the interior.

● In any highball—that is, a shot-and-soda drink—fill the glass two-thirds full with ice. That's a compromise between stuffing the glass full, which makes it appear as if you're trying to water the drink, and not using enough ice, which is particularly unappealing, since the drink and swill of colors in a glass is what makes a drink look back and sound refreshingly. Add the liquor first—a shot's worth plus a little extra—and fill the glass with the

cooler slowly, but not right to the rim. If the mixer is carbonated, don't stir. But make sure the bottle is fresh, the bubbles not dissipated. The look of fat in a drink is half the good cheer.

● Any drink that deserves to be served as a matter of course to be left alone in one. Occasionally you'll see people drop an ice cube or two in a drink of certain clear liquors—crème de menthe. Contrary, a few others. It's not wrong, exactly, the ice just makes the drink less distinguished, less formal, and hence kind of cheap, like anything overindulged. The serif is the showpiece of glassware and functions, as any stonemason does, to distance what is being shown from the viewer, to highlight it as isolated, to give it space. All of which is to say: Don't over-pour. The beauty of a Cognac properly prepared is in its refinement: first, with its color and glass it looks like a great valuable in considerable quantity, second, it's elegantly overdone. You know you've poured precisely the right amount if you see the silver and the side and the liquid comes just to the lip.

● If you're serving cocktails as a blender to shake—whiskey, vodka, gin, or rum—and they're going fast on you, cut out the ice, in opaque, cloudy, by adding a little egg white. About a half teaspoon

per drink to your ingredients before you blend or shake. It'll lighten mildly the color of the drink and yield an endearing, attractive froth.

● Morning colors are not permissive. Glasses must be clean, perfect. (The drink is, ostensibly, a tribute to the glass, not the bar, well, ones.)

● Cut your citrus garnishes from fruit with stainless-steel tools. In this business you've got to have thick skin. Each fruit is cut in different apertures and by different methods.

For simple-shaped orange slices, begin by cutting the orange in half, through (as opposed to along) the stem. Lay the flat side on the cutting surface and make even slices the width of a pencil.

Cut lemon wedges in half along the equator. Then with the flat side on the cutting surface, quarter each half. For lemon twists (lemon slices and wedges are rarely used in cocktails, though not

there is a bad idea in a bloody mary), begin by chopping the applied ends off a lemon. Then, using the edge of a bar spoon, score the rest of the fruit from the inside of the rind. You'll be surprised how resistant a lemon is to such stripping. The rind will come out in a whole chunk. You'll be left with a tunnel made of lemon peel. Slice it into strips the width of your pinkie nail. And remember: the lemon oils that both accent and flavor a cocktail are in the outside, the yellow side of the rind. Hold the outside along the rim of the glass and then pinch the twist over the mouth of the drink before dropping it in. The result will be a beverage, lively and sure.

Lemon or otherwise, start as what New Year's is about. It's an optimistic signal to ourselves, a bold leap occasion in the face of another year of time—our way of asserting that this will be a good year, apparently. —Bruce Weber

FIRST-RATE Durable Goods

If you don't like computers, microwaves, digital cameras, or VCRs, then you're not just living in the wrong time, you're in the wrong place, too. You belong in the mythical Republic of Vermont, a state of mind founded by the 204 newspaper pages of *How to Make a Mountain*, the extraordinary catalog published since 1946 by the Vermont Country Store. It's a place where men work with their hands, women vacuum with Electroblows, and one cracks a smile at a cotton dicke.

As the store's name suggests, there's a little bit of everything for sale here: kitchen products, yard goods, pecan candy, soap, and dog beds. What makes this (increasingly anonymous) catalog different is its ruggedly individual point of view. Basically, store owner Leonard Orion has taken a look around and noticed a lot of fancy, high-tech stuff that costs

less and acts like it, too. In such case he has come up with a store, time is an illusion, now. Orion doesn't like digital, so he offers the original Times wristwatch, proudly stating that "it's a watch a watch was meant to be. You won't find it in a store." The store doesn't like flyweight products, either, so besides a biceps-building vest body man with fifty-one steaks built, he sells, he says but a "good solid dick."

There is nothing in these pages that doesn't bespeak a belief in hard work, the simple virtues, and value for money—in short, the American Way (even if it's made in Switzerland or Germany). This is a catalog that doesn't mind telling you, in describing its Instant Shoe Shine Duster, that "shined shoes are the sign of a sharp cany."

Some other items: Bag Bales (a valve for cows' udders that works like an ingers, too) and

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HARRIS

No, there won't be a Maker's Mark "Classic" ... or a cherry Maker's Mark, a diet Maker's Mark or even a caffeine-free Maker's Mark.

All were suggestions sparked by a recent ad of ours commenting on Coke's reformulation.

In fact, one concerned letter writer advised us "If you want to be really successful, you should do what Coke is doing by trying to appeal to everyone."

That's an interesting idea. And while it might be right for Coke, it's not right for us.

Maker's Mark was never intended to compete for the mass market. Rather, it's crafted for those few who enjoy the taste of a truly fine whisky.

Be that reason, there won't be a Maker's Mark "Classic" or "Cooler" or whatever the most current variation happens to be.

There will just be Maker's Mark.

Bill Samuels, Jr.
President
Maker's Mark Distillery

Maker's Mark

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Ortens invites you to drop in and visit, if for some reason you can't, write for a free catalog. The Vermont Country Store, Route 100, Winooski, Vermont 05411. ●

SPECIAL PLACES Hitting the Sweet Spots



Country's poppin' up about 4000 guests at Johnson's 30 June-11 Club

Only the true tennis resister would fly away to a warm, exotic place and spend the entire vacation swinging at a fuzzy little ball. Most players want something more—good food, a good or scenic splash in a comfortable room or suite to cuddle them. More and more, tennis spots are coming up to these needs, realizing that the day of Spandex campers run by drill sergeants in short white pants is over.

The Colony Beach and Tennis Resort

Balls are flying day and night at this resort for tennis obsessives off the Gulf Coast opposite Sarasota. There are twenty-one courts strewn throughout a cluster of modernly upgraded efficiency cottages and a one-story inn. You can play on your own or join the Tennis and Fitness Academy, an on-and-off-court scheme that combines exercise and drills as a sort of mapping of Vic Brady and Vic Braden. The Colony sits on a perfect stretch of Gulf Coast powder and lets as many winners with its food and wine as it does with its tennis. Check in. 3520 Gulf of Mexico

30 June's Club There's a year old, this resort for the rich and famous. (Dishes flourish from Collier. Dudley Moore) also happens to be a hot new tennis spot. There were only five courts to start, but two more are planned for this season, a healthy total considering the near court of 105

in this thoroughly upgraded former Holiday Inn on Audubon's southeast tip. The tennis is expertly handled by All American Sports of Mount Kisco, New York, a notable survivor among the many camps and drives that rose and fell in the 1970s. Bruce Bradburn heads the program, backed by August's numbers-one player, John McEnroe. Among the countless playthings available to guests are Texas-sized quarter horses; there's a disco and a cinema too. Address: North American Management is First Resort Corporation, 830 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10019. tel: 800-425-6305

Carroll Bay and Little Dixie

There's a kind of shuttle tennis waiting to be played on the Caribbean: a week's package divided between these lovely (if pricey) backwaters, which are connected by a weekly boat during the winter season. Carroll, the larger and better known of the two, has seven courts and 182 tennis handily clustered in the shadows of St. John's the U.S. Virgin.

Little Dixie, hidden away on the side of Virgin Gorda in the British Virgin, has no even better courtrooms run, seven to eight per hour. Tennis at both properties is in the company of Peter Harman's international. Houston-based pros who still daily means in some of the most exotic spots on earth. If you crave between Carroll and Little Dixie, the two-man staff will relay pertinent data on your game. Address: Carroll P.O. Box 708, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S.V.I. 00801, tel: 800-770-6111. Little Dixie P.O. Box 70, Virgin Gorda, B.V.I., tel: 889-495-5555

John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch

This twenty-year court spread in its secret after sixteen years, but it is still purveyor of excellent instruction and all the trappings: twilight food, tennis, scenery. On court, all ballroom in all whites, as guests are served through ten day-to-Sunday choices. Two

half-hour massages are included in the package, much welcomed during the twenty-one hours of drills. Dining is sipping in the Gardiner experience. From the single hand-drawn buffet to dinner in the clubhouse dining room, looking out on the heights of Paradise Valley. If four couples pool these associations, they can take over Ken Kesel's low bedroom suite, Casa Roswell, complete with pool and rooftop court. Address: 3700 East McDonald Drive, Scottsdale, Arizona 85253. tel: 800-242-8351

The Wickenburg Inn

Out among the saguaro cacti, hermit owls, and rustling acacia, miles northwest of Phoenix, the dunes and jets can happily at this antipode resort. Eleven courts stay up to a cluster of attractive modern cottages with low-key beams, fireplaces, and patios open to the desert sky. Head pro Steven Huns runs clinics of three, five, and seven days' duration, and when you take of leave, there are miles of trails, tennis, golf, water, and an on-site-and-cats center. Address: P.O. Box 1, Wickenburg, Arizona 85526, tel: 800-358-4222

Melissa Lane Day Hotel

Three years old this February, Melissa Lane provides the kind of perched retreat that only its cultured neighbor Miami Ken Bunch Hotel could approach in years just carved out of a sandy black-lime field on the edge of a deep-blue sea. Melissa Lane has a flowering tennis garden with two courts. Each court plays a particular speed limit, medium, slow according to the amount of sand and other elements spread into the surface composition. Director Greg Paster and pro Andy Anderson run a tight ship, giving daily clinics, arranging matches, dishing out the court to serve punch and Goatsdale at breaks. Address: P.O. Box 9000, Kohala Coast, Hawaii 96741-0000, tel: 800-367-2323.

—David Watwin

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AMERICAN BEAT

by Bob Greene

WE NEED A HERO

Now, as then, a terrible disease cries for someone with a solution

THE SPREAD OF AIDS, and the ensuing fear, is changing the texture of life in the United States. The disease, at first thought to attack only male homosexuals, intravenous drug users, and a few other groups, was terrifying enough when it was considered solely in those terms. Now that there is so much talk of AIDS spreading to the general population, a sense of hysteria is forming in the land.

There is a sense of helplessness, a sense that nothing can be done. People talk in fatalistic terms, they speak as if the disease were an uncontrollable, all-powerful force that simply cannot be dealt with. In their darkest moments, pessimists wonder aloud if AIDS will tear its way through the entire population, leaving the country all person by person while we stand by praying.

Something terrible is forgotten here: this is not the first time in this century that panic of this sort has been felt in America. The polio epidemic was the country into a similar episode of fear. Swimming pools were closed to protect children, school openings were delayed, parents forbade their boys and girls from going to movie theaters and other public places. While the parallels between polio and AIDS are not exact, polio, too, frightened the popular to the point of obsession, and polio, too, was a disease that some thought would never be conquered.

Even as the rest of the country cringed, however, some people endeavored every day to solve the problem. Working separately in the midst of that climactic twilight, Dr. Jonas Salk and Dr. Albert Sabin defeated polio. With the introduction of the Salk polio vaccine in 1955 and, in 1961, the introduction of the Sabin oral polio vaccine, polio was virtually eradicated in the United States and the developed world.

In those heroic days, perhaps it is instructive to keep that in mind: Dr. Salk and Dr. Sabin are elderly men now; but they



are both still alive, and it seemed like a good idea to seek them out.

"I NEVER thought it couldn't be done," Jonas Salk said. "Yes, of course there were doubters. But I didn't pay attention to anybody."

Dr. Salk is seventy-one years old, he lives in the San Diego area. "You ask me what persuaded a man that something is doable?" he said. "You tell persuade you that something is doable. The people who work on a problem such as AIDS do not need any encouragement from the outside. You don't think for a moment that they are relying on others for encouragement, do you? They know what they have to do, and they are doing it."

I asked him how, in the midst of all the sayayers, he persuaded himself that he could solve the tragedy of polio.

"My ego played its role in it," he said. "I didn't think I was the person appointed to do this. It was simply granted the oppor-

tunity to help. We do not all see the world in the same way. There are those of us who see it in terms of solvable problems. If you have a problem that can be solved, then it will be solved."

I asked him if he used to go to work every day thinking that was the day that polio would be defeated.

"It doesn't work that way," he said. "You're not on a golf course. You don't say to yourself, 'Today's the day I'm going to break par.' What you do is have a continuing dialogue with nature. You ask questions, in the form of experiments. And you get answers. Yes or no. Yes or no. And then you use those answers to ask your next question, and you keep doing it until you have the ultimate answer."

About AIDS research, Dr. Salk said, "There will be a vaccine against AIDS. I will say that categorically: there will be a vaccine. Exactly when it will be found, I don't know. But it will be found. This is not simply a belief on my part. It's a fact."

"IMPOSSIBLE" is a word that I have never used," said Albert Sabin. "It is a word that I don't think responsible people use."

Dr. Sabin is seventy-nine years old and lives in Washington, D.C. "What you need in the field of medical research is something more than perseverance," he said. "My own personality is a bit compulsive-obsessive, and I think that is what is necessary. What that means is that you have got to proceed as long as there is a reasonable question to ask, and an available technique to get an answer to that question."

I asked him what kept him going during his research, he worked on the problem of polio for thirty years before his vaccine was introduced in the United States.

"You had an epidemic involving thousands upon thousands of children," he said. "There was obviously a great need, and when there is a need like that you're got to keep working even when you have

THE FEAR!" OH, SARIN SAID. "YOU NEVER LOST SIGHT OF THE HUMAN SIDE OF WHAT YOU WERE DOING. YOU WERE DRIVEN ON BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THERE WAS HUMAN MISERY."

no idea what the outcome is going to be. No man can attack the whole problem—but we can each choose a piece of it, and see what we can do."

I said that in the case of AIDS, some people are saying that it just can't be defeated. Did Dr. Salin hear that kind of thing during his years of polo research?

"There were many times when not only did my colleagues tell me it couldn't be done," he said. "They called in to throw the whole thing down the rabbithole. And I continue to wonder at times whether they might not be right."

"But I kept at it. I kept asking myself: What do I have to do? What is the next step? If you're a young man in a hurry, you are best advised to go into some field other than medical research. If you're in a hurry, you don't get where you should be going. I must say that you need idealistic passion and optimism—but you do need the kind of patience and persistence that yields more and more information. You have to keep in mind that the most precious announced questions will not be solved until the very last moment."

"There were times close to the end when I was not sure whether I would succeed. I would hear people saying, 'Oh, give up.' But even when you hear that, you go ahead and you do what has to be done."

So many people were dying even as he worked in his laboratory, asked him if that did not lead to a feeling of deep depression.

"Yes, thousands of people were crippled and dying," he said. "But there is a kind of depression that leads to inactivity. There is a different kind of depression that results in the adrenaline into your blood. What brings that on is the idea that, as terrible as things are, something can be done to stop what's going on. It can be done, but it's a long battle, and you sense that you can beat it."

I asked him if it was possible to do that sort of work like a nine-to-five job.

"No, no," he said. "In the middle of the night you often wake up with an idea. You have a flashback by your bed as you can write these things down, so that they're not lost in the morning."

"It's not like making a product, where you can go home at the end of the day and go out to the country club and enjoy life. What happens is that you're not a very good husband or a very good father. Your work is your only priority."

I asked him what he best remembered about those days before polo was defeated.

"The fear," he said. "The fear! Sometimes I had sight of the human side of what you were doing. You were driven on by the

knowledge that there was human misery, and that you could use your knowledge to help eliminate it."

A person in that position never says, "I may be the one who can do it." He only says whether he can do some good among the many who are trying. Whether he can be a member of that army.

"There is a lesson—I believe it is by Sir Francis Drake—that a successful effort of mine in the military during World War II quoted to me. I shall never forget it. 'Glad to know that it is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same until it is thoroughly finished, that produces the true glory.'"

I WALKED around for a few days wondering exactly why that spoken with Dr. Salin and Dr. Salin. The mistakes they had accomplished now seemed to be part of the whole quest. It seemed a little foolish—turning to these pioneers of medical research for substantial answers to a current horror.

Then I went to my twelfth-grade school reunion. In the reunion yearbook, each member of my graduating class had been asked to fill out a bibliography. I was flipping through the yearbook, and I got to Jim Kaplan.

Under "all known in his bio," he had written: "Physician (internal medicine, infectious diseases), currently working as an epidemiologist in viral diseases (including AIDS) at Centers for Disease Control, Atlanta."

I took eleventh-grade chemistry with Jim Kaplan. It struck me that the time in past for our generation to look to the Salins and the Salins for our answers, for so long we have turned to the men and women of our parents' and grandparents' generations to help us. Now it is our turn, if anyone is going to change the world for the better, it is going to have to be us. No more postponing.

Jim Kaplan had not come to the reunion. Soon after the reunion had ended, though, I called him at his home in Atlanta. Jim—he knew Dr. Jonathan B. Kaprielian, thirty-eight years old—told me that he has been working on AIDS for the last three years.

"It's really exciting to be working on," he said. "From a scientific point of view, you couldn't ask for something better to be working on—a public health problem that is as important to the country."

There is definitely progress in being made. I can see how, from the public's point of view, all the news seems to be bad news. But new things are happening virtually every week, and the people working on the problem are very brave."

I asked him how much the public's fear weighed on him and his colleagues as they did their work.

"I think we're aware of how much the public is counting on us," he said. "There is a lot of pressure, in that sense. Speaking for myself, though, I have a job to do, and I try to do it the best I can. Whatever human emotions we have, the work comes first. We're aware that the job we have is an important one, but I don't think we work in every day feeling the concerns of 240 million people on our backs. That would make things sort of impossible."

He said he feels the drive to defeat AIDS is going steadily. "We don't work in days," he said. "We think in terms of months. Usually a project takes several months to complete. We don't think of each day as a success or a failure. We look back over the last several months and say 'What have I done? What are the successes and failures?'"

"Going to work is like riding horses. There are all these leaves on the lawn, and we ride them one row at a time down to the street. That's what it's like for me—maybe I'll be working on five different things, and each of those things is like a pile of leaves, and each day I'll try to get another pile a little further toward the street."

I asked him what he can tell those of us in the general public who work what kind of progress is being made, and what we can hope for.

"I think you should understand that there are some really smart people working on this," he said. "The group is really quite impressive. Both within the government, and at the universities."

"The rate at which science progresses these days is quite amazing. If you look at some of the great steps taken in other aspects of medicine during the last fifteen or twenty years, you'll realize that progress is very fast in this day and age. Combine that with the technology and all the good, bright minds working on the problem, and I think there is cause to feel optimistic about AIDS."

Which is probably what it comes down to. When we're looking for heroes these days, it's not the encyclopedia and the history books we should turn to. The famous names out of the past aren't going to be the ones to do it. When it happens, it will be some kid who used to work beside one of us in high school chemistry lab. It's our turn, all right; now all that remains to be seen is how we'll do.

ABOUT CAPRIELIAN: He is a contributing author of *Discover*'s new book, *Chlamydia: The Best of Bob Givens*. It has been published by A & E Books.

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SPORTS CLINIC

by Meg Lukacs

HIGH-SPEED HEROICS

Balancing the risk and making the balance in a whirling athletic rush

I'M NOT quite sure how it happened, but on a bright February afternoon in 1982, I found myself in the Illinois Alps on a rather unusual position—flat on my back coursing down an icy track on a small, wooden huge sled. Slow, huge riding at 37 kilometers per hour was never very high on my must-do list, but somehow, after a rowdy breakfast-and-schnapps lunch with some local friends, it seemed the right thing to do.

I started my run from the service-drive-off point more than halfway down the track armed with only a helmet, some hastily installed ski bindings, and pleasant memories of golf courses to boggle holes. But by the time my sled slammed through the first banked curve, knee lift was something else entirely. Already I had gained enough speed to feel the G-forces flustering my body against the sled. Then the next curve was there and the next and the next. A wild, steel suspension bridge flashed overhead as a guy that I was flying on the ground, like a wingless jet on an unremovable too.

I crashed repeatedly into the walls, coating the sled sideways, slowly bouncing myself out of the course. My technique was so poor that when my wild man ended thirty seconds later, I had tattoo bruises from my wrists to my shoulders, a cracked wrist crystal, and a concussion of adrenaline spilling through my body. I also had a tremendous urge to go up and do it again.

I'd gone fast enough, albeit clumsily, to peeringly through the window of speed—and caught a glimpse of a remarkable place only a thin fraction of the human race ever gets to know. A balance of attack there between chaos and control, where the earth suddenly overrules the risk.

Athletes who compete in speed-intensive sports such as skiing, auto racing, bobsledding, luge, big-wave surfing, and bouldering, know that place well. To a select few it is the expert level, it feels like home. Yet not everyone is comfortable with



speed. Going fast is an acquired taste, and like toasting it's not meant to be ignored.

What compels athletes to get involved in high-speed sports? To commit themselves to what sports psychologists sometimes call the pursuit of vertigo? Recent research says finding out. What they know so far is that among both recreational and world-class athletes, the ability to perform well at high speed is a function of several distinct psychological and physiological factors.

SKILLS, RACE-CAR drivers, and bobsledders, for instance, need to have certain primary physical abilities in order to reach their sports, says Dr. Robert Arnold, former Olympic 30 Team medical adviser and coach of Speed Skaters.

First, they must have unusually good dynamic visual acuity—that, accurate depth perception, the ability to quickly locate and track key objects, and the ability to scan several zones simultaneously. One of the crucial differences between ordinary ski-

racers and excellent ones is that the latter can focus further ahead of themselves on a given race course. The same goes for bobsledders, lugers, and world-class racing drivers.

Seeing what lies ahead is only part of the battle, however. What really counts is how quickly you react to these upcoming obstacles in a test conducted with auto-racing great Jackie Stewart, data showed Stewart saw the obstacles faster than the average person. But his ability to react quickly and appropriately to what he saw was far superior. In effect, Stewart could already have sent the message to his foot that it darts well before the brake pedal and push—before most of us would have fully registered that a stalled car was in our path.

In a clinical setting the average person requires one hundred milliseconds to receive a visual signal and 180 milliseconds to react to what he has seen. Athletes who have successfully pre-learned a response by anticipation what they already can cut that reaction time by as much as 150 milliseconds. Sports vision experts and optometrists in the know commonly offer micro-surgery and advanced athletes learn to determine their level of dynamic visual acuity.

Like quick reaction time, complementary muscle power and speed determined by the same fast-twitch fibers that make for top-notch sprinters are vital in giving athletes the edge in sports in which there is rarely time to make over one's next move.

Though these assets are granted generously by genetics, the good news is that recreational athletes can indeed improve their basic motor abilities, the key building blocks of physical quickness. Sport-specific motor abilities can, in fact, be enhanced by 15, 20, even 30 percent through drills designed to improve agility, coordination, and dexterity. That kind of improvement can do wonders for your overall performance in high-speed situations.

Bear in mind, though, that speed is one

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planning." In the short time since these services have hit the open market, the number of "high income individuals" joining the "high volatility individuals" who have already realized their money since one of those old-fashioned financial sound-a-dictions has this sort of thing may be in the tens of thousands.

Leaders in the new industry note that most of the early entrants of their services are people who have a "problem" with money—most difficult that they have too much of it. Some people are too young to deal with their own money; some are too prodigal (or stingy) with their money for their clients; some are one of the best services provided in these cases: some are modestly paid and many by the thought of it, and others are simply too weak of mind to see to their own affairs. And a large number of successful people believe that the employment of these creative

advisors—or just their money-making talents—is more valuable than the time it would take to care for their own moneys, and in many cases they are absolutely right.

For most of us, though, employing these firms would cost more, nothing less than the height of luxury. There is certainly a powerful business case to be made for the profitability and logic of having a tax accountant, stockbroker, real estate attorney, banker, and broker/agent of mutual funds all in one place. And there's little doubt that a variety of factors—competition, new technology, and the terrific explosion of choice in the world of money itself—will eventually drive down the cost of individual financial management. But so many elite professionals' profits off the boat from before.

The brilliant complexity of money and investment alone makes this sort of thing attractive to many modern earners. It is practically never in M.B.A. to pick your savings at the corner 5 & 13th Street, and what with the resurgence of offshore, tax-conscious investment, the idea of letting someone else do the books is particularly appealing to members of the State and Executive bars who grew up on their cushion of post-WWII affluence paid as pension and shared of money lost (or rarely desired) in their parents' war or lost.

But before you throw away your wallet there is a modest argument to be made for leaving it to the supervisors, promoters, prodigals, and victims among us to use the financial baby-sitters. It is worth noting for instance that the man you call Tom Horowitz is not at the cash machine

these days at because his personal financial managers put him into investment funds as ill-advised

There's a modest argument to be made for leaving it to the supervisors, prodigals, and victims to use financial baby-sitters.

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Life Insurance

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Brief Cases

Just How Much Do You
Owe Your Broker?



The Case: A Manhattan real estate broker shows a two-bedroom co-op to a young advertising executive (he'll call him George). The price is \$225,000, but George doesn't like. The second bedroom/study is too small to be used as either, and the fireplace, though panel in Spanish tile, has a permanently clogged chimney. He'll keep looking, he tells the broker.

Two months and two more appointments later, George contacts a new broker, who claims to have the "perfect situation": a two-bedroom co-op in a charming neighborhood. But when George sees the apartment, he feels like he's been let up on a blind date with someone he already loathes: It's the same apartment. The first broker had cheated him.

George takes another look, though, and now, he has to admit, the rooms look bigger, the price is down to \$240,000, and those Spanish tiles seem precious, razzing him or not. George asks the broker to submit an offer of \$235,000. Shortly he considers his obligation to the first broker but figures he'll let it go, at least for now. A few days later, the new broker calls to say the seller has accepted his offer.

THE QUESTION: What obligation, if any, does George have to the first broker?

THE ANSWER: George has no particular legal worries, provided he (or his lawyer) reads to the fine print.

"Basically, the buyer has no legal obligation to the first broker, unless he has signed some sort of employment agreement with the broker," says Lawrence Drath, a New York attorney who specializes in real estate. "That would be unusual, since the seller pays the broker's commission in nearly all residential transactions."

What's more, applicable laws state that the broker who brings a meeting of the

first broker.

And Drath cautions that George could get into trouble if he signs a standard real estate sales contract without checking for tricky traps. "The boilerplate language could actually mean something here if there's any possibility that two brokers could claim a commission," he says. A seller's attorney's standard contract may have an information clause that clears the seller and holds the buyer responsible if additional brokers claim a commission after a deal is closed. George should tell his new broker about the entire view, then ask him to agree to the seller's underwriting request. Many brokers will accommodate you, figuring the law is on their favor.

Of course, legalities aside, George should ask up to what money ethical issues. Co-op sales, because they involve shares of a private concern, are not required to be publicly reported. In contrast, condominium buyers—but not their brokers—are identified in public documents, appraising the only real difference if George were buying a condo instead of a co-op. So it's possible the first broker will come find out about George's investment, unless the broker has a reliable promise, which he probably does. But if it's simply a matter of decency for the buyer to explain what's happened if two brokers are somehow involved, says Tickerman. "What usually occurs, if there's any doubt, is that the brokers will get together and work out a solution."

That solution gets more difficult when a middle commission is involved, especially if the first broker is not directly involved if the deal is in doubt. That's the first broker will deserves to see the seller to get the commission, which, at the normal 6 percent rate, would come to \$14,400.

Is it a wise idea? The answer isn't clear. It's hard to tell if the first broker will be inclined to work out a less complicated answer. Then that second bedroom would look bigger than ever.

—Bob Chavira



**THE NEW SAAB 9000 HAS ACHIEVED AN IDEAL BALANCE.
75% LUXURY SEDAN AND 75% SPORTS CAR.**

You've driven in a sports car. Remember the way it hugged the road? The way it took the turns? The way it accelerated? The way you felt?

(You could accept the negatives, such as comfort which approximated that of the front seat on a roller coaster.)

You've also driven in a luxury car. Remember the legroom? The storage space? The relaxing seats? The way you felt?

(You could also accept the negatives, such as the fact it drove like the Queen Mary.)

Saab asks you not to accept negatives. Rather, add up the positives of both aspects of the new Saab 9000.

On the sports car side, there's performance in the form of a 16-valve, intercooled, turbo-charged engine that takes a car from 0 to 60 in hardly any seconds and maintains speed and fuel efficiency for hours on end.

A suspension with McPherson struts that sits a Saab 9000 on a road as if car and asphalt or car and macadam or car and dirt were one.

The steering, of course, is rack-and-pinion, so the driver can't help feeling and knowing what's happening between the tires and the road.

The brakes are large-diameter discs, power-assisted and, with a dual-circuit system, almost "fail-safe."

On the luxury sedan side, there's Automatic Climate Control. You tell your Saab 9000 what

temperature makes you feel the most cheerful and it, through microprocessors, keeps you happy.

Seats: People in government (the EPA) charged with such things have declared the Saab 9000 a "large" car.

Considering the legroom, the elbowroom, and the carrying space (up to 56.5 cu. ft.) that may even be a mile bit of an understatement.

The touches: Seats and a steering wheel that adjust to even the most extraordinary anatomy. Instruments? Within your reach and so well-thought-out that your eyes, so used to being



assaulted on the road, will come to appreciate the soothing green illumination.

The exterior? Well, check the pictures on this page for a few seconds. Then see a new Saab 9000 for yourself at a Saab dealer, where a perfect balance always exceeds the sum of its parts.

SAAB
The most intelligent cars ever built.

that he nearly went broke. The early days of total financial mismanagement were littered with ill-fated bets, and so many Hollywood types have been killed by people they trusted that the U.S. Coast Guard district attorney set up a special task force to work on the problem. With the interposition of the state old accounting firms, some of the above firm structures, erratic reporting systems, and questionable investment practices should abate, but you'll still be placing all the proverbial eggs in one basket.

Then there's the conspiracy smothering stuff. For one thing, the level of infamy in this sort of business relationship is downright weird. Some of the power managers talk about becoming involved in their clients' destructive real-estate deals, and even their mental problems. I like to put a further danger on such a ratty-sounding idea, but there is something about paying someone to pay your bills that makes the deal seem somewhat like going into the bathroom to hold their chamber pots. Avoid the efforts of modern times, the physical act of paying for things you buy a lot of the time is a common way-to-go reality that everyone abhors—rich and poor—this side of the natural law. You don't see an advanced degree in psychology to discover the infinite extension to dependency incurring in this trend, and the Freudians would take the bathroom metaphor a lot further than I have.

In the long run, as Lord Keynes once said, we'll all be dead. That's what is the end result of such a certain of personal responsibility. With the children of people thus conditioned be turned into sitting ducks, reduced as were the intellects of the wealthy class until G. Wells's *The Time Machine*, who wrote and learned by the children of the lords of the Under-World, will be eaten by them under cover of night? Who, in the end, will pay the bills?

—Donald R. Katz

SMART MONEY

Insurance Saving on a Package Deal



Until recently, intense competition among insurers has caused rates to drop. The insurance stock experienced by commercial casualty customers, where rates of as much as several hundred percent, and more, have become commonplace. While at one time predicting such increases for so-called personal lines, auto rates are for drivers and, to a lesser extent, the homeowner and renter. Rates expected on auto premiums to rise about 10 percent in 1986, with a similar increase in rates for 1986. State Farm's auto rates are up an average of 7.9 percent, compared with a 1.6-percent average increase in 1984, and the average of industry-wide increases in auto premiums of about 30 percent, with smaller increases for other coverages. So, when buying both homeowner's and auto coverage can save money, possibly increase coverage, and cut down paper work to boot. The answer lies in what is known as the industry as a personal package policy.

At its simplest, a package is akin to a company's stapling together as auto and a homeowner's policy so that you have one policy covering both your policy and car. For this, many companies offer a discount. Sometimes called the portfolio approach, these are not true packages, but they have, until recently, been the most common version. Now, though, a number of companies have taken the idea a step further and devised their own hybrid policies that not only combine auto and homeowner's coverage, but also, and a per-

sonal liability, umbrella—and other optional coverages. In fact, the most common improvement is *Market Property and Auto Insurance*. With a standard homeowner's policy, when you want a home for its replacement value, you automatically receive protection of 80 percent of this amount for unscheduled personal possessions, and usually 10 percent of the total is the coverage for other coverages, but only one policy and one bill. For this, many companies offer a discount. Sometimes called the portfolio approach, these are not true packages, but they have, until recently, been the most common version. Now, though, a number of companies have taken the idea a step further and devised their own hybrid policies that not only combine auto and homeowner's coverage, but also, and a per-

For many years, the lenders in the package field have been *Continental Insurance*, which has been offering package policies since 1973, and *St. Paul Fire and Marine*, with package policies since 1977. *Continental's*

not, that at least one company, *Atlantic Mutual*, offers packages to renters and co-ops, and with interest in the following up, others, including the *Kemper Group*, may follow suit.

Atlantic Mutual also has the most complete home owner coverage lineup of its *Atlantic Master Plan*, introduced in 1983, is now offered in ten states, including California, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, and New York. Like other true packages, *Atlantic's* offers blanket personal property coverage, but other more unusual features include a clause that will cover the replacement cost of your residence even if it must exceed your coverage limit, and a special reserve so that even if you must use up most of your coverage to replace a residence, 50 percent will still remain to be available for personal property. Moreover, if your home is totally destroyed and your bank on a usually the credit requires you to postpone the mortgage, a special mortgage rehabilitation clause allows up to 15 percent of *Atlantic's* normal premium.

Are there any drawbacks to a package policy? Well, you could run into a problem if you subsequently rack up a bad auto-claim record. This could result in the reinsurance split-up of your policy—that is, the concentration of your auto premium into one package, to protect *St. Paul* includes co-pay coverage; *Continental's*

—*Patricia D. Lawrence*

For fifty cents, the service, called *Stock Fax*, provides all the quotes you can get in three minutes. Unlike other phone services providing financial information, *Stock Fax* offers no annual subscription fee or access charges; the calls are simply billed to your business or home number. International Information Network, together with some phone services, is offering the service in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Miami, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Washington, D.C., and may expand to include other cities. For investors who like to play the games,

IB has a phone service called *Streetbeat* that gives hourly stock results in nine cities and high on average of 2.5 million calls a month. For more information, call 800-223-STOCK.

How a tip for playing the stock-market game, 1985's top tip was to use a computerized mortgage clearinghouse and pursue the mortgage. These computerized services—usually available through a real estate broker—will be able to follow the search to your specific

needs and income. The program can list descriptions of mortgages offered by participating lenders and will include the latest interest rates—whether by and you have a chance of qualifying for the loan. In some cases these services allow you to apply for the loan electronically. That's something a lot of people. One such service is *Shelburne* (First Boston Capital Group, 12 East Forty-sixth Street, New York, New York 10017), which draws on the offerings of about seventy-five lenders around the country.

If you're thinking about looking your annual credit cards because of a recent monthly bill, you may be getting the wrong idea of credit. Although the prime rate is down into single digits these days, the average consumer rate charged by most credit-card companies—around 12 percent—is still pretty hefty. Now a handful of banks are offering the card game, pushing double with rates that could save you hundreds of dollars annually. You may have to lead outside your home state for a lower interest rate, but it will be worth the effort. One place to start is *Continental Security for Savings* (P.O. Box 2200, Hartford, Connecticut 06101), which offers *VISA* and *MasterCard* at 4.5 percent. *Arkansas* has the lowest rates in the country, with *Summers First National Bank* (P.O. Box 7000, Pine Bluff, Arkansas 71601) a bargain of 12.5 percent. In their eagerness to court out-of-state customers, many of these lenders are leading you backward to please—offering to cancel your old credit and providing "prerequisite" application forms to be reviewed at the lender, and cash-advance privileges. In addition, there are a few lenders that offer cards with no annual fee. For a list of banks across the country that provide free cards, write to: *Bankcard Holders of America*, 333 Pennsylvania Avenue SE, Washington, D.C. 20003. It's free to those who hold a *VISA* or *MasterCard*, \$5.00 for those who do not.

If you've been in business awhile but can't bore yourself of the expiration of today's bumper crop of SBA loans when it comes to selling, try my to the executive leader, there's no explanation. Power courses. The first trend in business schools is electronic—offered by such bastions of gray matter as *Wharton*, *Stanford*, and *New York University*—that legitimizes the study and practice of all these political dirty work events in the great room in the top. One of the most popular courses of Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, and one of the best with the same title by *John P. Kotter*, who teaches the course, is just off the press: *The Free Press*, 1985.

—*James Conant*

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The Crystal Rabbit

The Crystal Rabbit

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If you're tired of paying your broker for the latest stock quotes, you can call a two-way line service to keep track of the market. Using a touch-tone phone, investors in many cities can hear the latest market prices—within fifteen minutes of the trade quoted.

The Entrepreneur Adding Color to the Wash

Thursday evening in a clean, well-lit place in Arcata, Iowa. A clutch of college students are gathered on couches in front of the big-screen watching football and listening back. Backers, a couple are playing backgammon, a few more kids are talking around the bar, and at least four, the nerds, have their books open and are studying. All are waiting for their laundry to come out of Maytag roaring on the back wall of the room.

Hardly distinguishable from his young, nighttime-crowd of twenty-three-year-old Phil Alton, general proprietor and the keeper of the Circus. At 19, when many men have not yet figured out that you're not supposed to mix brights with whites, Alton has made himself a millionaire in the coin-laundry business on the strength of Duds 'n' Soles, a simple idea well received.

His stores—some fifty franchises in fifteen states—are Laundromats squeezed in narrow spaces. While their clothes are spun, Duds 'n' Soles makes cash money the easy way (it's a helluva deal) by replacing or entertaining themselves in spacious, carpeted surroundings. The most notable of the inside features, which vary from store to store, but can include pool tables or tanning booths, are little no-tension-soil-dish that serve beer at a tap.

"The beer gets as all our publicity," says Alton, a serious guy who is youthfully funny about the beer. "It's the only a, beer only accounts for 1 percent of our sales, but it's not, don't come to a Duds 'n' Soles to drink. They make money here."

Alton is quick to admit that he's not the first to think of combining soap and alcohol for the last decade, says laundry owners across the country have experimented with various add-on amenities. But Duds 'n' Soles has become by far the largest and most successful association. Alton says it's all because he never lost sight of his laundry roots.

He grew up nearby Mober-



PHIL ALTON, general proprietor, DUDS 'N' SOLES, Arcata, Iowa. (Photo by Bob Schuchman)

Mo, where his father owned a large dairymen and maintenance washing machines, including washers and dryers. The soap opera began when he went to Iowa State University in Ames to study aerospace engineering. Everything was fine for his freshman year, except for the laundry equivalent in the basement of his fraternity house, which kept breaking down. In frustration, he obtained a few reliable machines through the good offices of his father. The quickly offered a similar service to other frat, sororities and apartments, and soon he had a small business of three hundred machines at ISU.

After a year and a half of making a modest income from his route, Alton borrowed \$99,000 to set up his first full laundry. It was a conventional store, with a sink, a small front room, a bar. Right away, he did well enough to start looking for second locations. He found a nice deal on a storefront in a shopping mall near ISU, but it was more like 3,300 square feet for more space than he could afford to fill with machines. So he settled on the Duds 'n' Soles idea of a coin-operated and using \$100,000 he was able to lever-

age, built what amounted to a Chuck E. Cheese response for adults with dirty clothes. Unlike other dining, learning centers, Alton has never let his own desires go as he has his customers' agency, clean duds out there cold each every time. When he had a small group of investors opened one in a new city state in April 1983, they took special care to keep the machines clean and functional, not detailed signs concerning laundry hints (down to state names) charts in the bathroom stalls, and employ a full staff of attendants whose duties include making sure no one gets drunk or waters in on the street for a few. The result, he says, is that 90 percent of the Duds 'n' Soles revenues are busy at any one time, as opposed to an industry average of 30 percent.

"We know we'd get people in one time to check out the beer and the pool table and stuff," he says, laughing. As he looks at the store, he looks at the legs of a bar stool. "But to keep them coming back, we knew the beer had to be right. The unique thing about this place is not the beer. The unique thing is that it's a clean, pleasant, self-sustained Laundromat."

It's not one of these loud, dirty places with the plastic chairs against the windows.

Sounds familiar? The late Ray Kroc made himself richer than Croesus by applying the same wholesome formula to hamburger stands. Alton is not only wisely about embracing the campaign, "We're going to be bigger than McDonald's," he says, referring to the crowd of hamburger-lovers in his store. "The potential market is bigger."

Better not than the wind from a dryer, perhaps, but consider the heady expansion of Duds 'n' Soles. Alton had three stores by the end of 1983, fifteen by the end of 1984, fifty at the end of 1985, and now has plans to have three hundred operating by the end of 1986, including fifty-seven in the Los Angeles area alone. He owns only seven himself. The rest are franchises, from which his company receives \$15,000 up front and \$3,000 a year. A Duds 'n' Soles prospectus claims that, due to low equipment and operating costs, franchisees can require only a \$80,000-\$120,000 start-up investment. Alton adds that his typical store owners gross somewhere around \$140,000 a year. Talk about laundries!

Alton, however, is not over-enthusiastic about his wealth. Every couple of months he trades in for new cars, but they're Chevrolets and Toyotas, not Mercedeses and Porsches. His future plans include offering public sale of company stock, establishing the Duds 'n' Soles concept to car washes, and opening a drink-while-you-wait, drop-off laundry for busy people. His plans do not include drinking up the one semester he has to go on his degree at Iowa State.

"You don't have to be smart or well educated to succeed in business," he says. "But just have to be smart enough to know your limitations. I have a lawyer. I have an accountant. I have a demographic analyst. I survey my customers to see what they want... I always try to keep in mind that all I really know how to do is run a laundry." —Eric Rose

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB SCHUCHMAN



DODGE LANCER
AIR CONDITION, RADIO

WE HAD A SPORTS CAR INSIDE.

Forget everything you've previously believed about sedans. Big on the outside. Soft on the inside. And never ending stops at the pump. No more. Because the sedan has changed... into a sports-car, street-winner performer named Dodge Lancer.

Lancer was designed with a new regard for the fun of the road. And a disregard for the commonly held notion that performance produces practicality.

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As for practicality... Room. Seating for five. Or seating for two plus 42 cubic feet of cargo room complete with a new life back and split folding rear seats. EPA MPG: 35 est. highway city and 25 est. city mpg. Warranty. 5 year/50,000 mile Protec.



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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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Dubious Achievements of 1985

THE ANNUAL REPORT

A review—in words and pictures—of the worst year since 1984!



CLAN OF THE YEAR
The Walkers



MAN OF THE YEAR
Ecstasy



MAN OF THE YEAR
Bernhard Goetz



CRAN OF THE YEAR
New Coke



PAN OF THE YEAR
President Reagan



ALSO MAN OF THE YEAR
Ty Cobb



DEAD MAN OF THE YEAR
Joel Mergatroy

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATION



SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER

President Reagan led a wreath at a ceremony in Niburg, West Germany, where Nazi SS troops are buried.



WORST NEW KENNEDY

Arnold Schwarzenegger



ONE SMALL KETCH FOR MAX ONE GIANT

BAIT FOR MANDING
Senator Jake Garn (R-Utah) flew on the space shuttle Discovery as a guest pig for a study of motion sickness in space.

OHAY, WHO TOOK THE COMBO?

Phoenix telephone worker Merle Patzer found a wallet that he'd lost thirty-three years earlier. He said it still contained "a two-dollar bill, pictures of all my old girlfriends, a couple of check stubs, and a company ID card."

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG

Testifying at a Senate hearing about obscene rock lyrics, Reverend Jeff Lang recited selections from twenty-three songs, including the book, "Bread up and swallow my soul, rap!" (Our face is my ticket paper)



HE SHOULD DO LESS FOR HIS YOUNGER SON?

New York City mayor Ed Koch announced that he had been "selected" for his office by "God."

AND FOR STATE PRIZE, SAMMY DAVIS JR.

Seattle TV personality Russ Shahr started a campaign to change Washington's state song from "Washington, My Home" to "Louie Louie."

MY FELLOW ADDRESSMANS...

After failing to recognize the Panamanian prime minister at an arrival ceremony in Lisbon, President Reagan called airport or Laurence Harriet report or Lesley Stahl's "Antlers."



On July 13, from 11:28 a.m. until 7:32 p.m., George Bush was the acting President of the United States.

LET HISTORY NOTE

Representatives Robert Dornan (R-Cal.) and Thomas Downey (D-N.Y.) exchanged chairs on the House floor when Dornan refused to apologize for calling Downey a "dick-dodging wimp."

White House chief of staff James Baker became Treasury Secretary and Treasury Secretary Donald Reges became White House chief of staff.



WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?

Richard Nixon attended a New York meeting of the *Borsody* *Joan* fan club.

CHAUFFEUR OF THE YEAR

Alyce Cornell



ZITBARS

President Reagan referred to the cancerous temple on his nose as "my little lizard that I had played with" and said that he "squeezed" it.



Representative Jack Kemp (R-N.Y.) hired a professional Jacqueline Givens look-alike as his personal secretary.

WORST NEW FLAVOR

Two hundred times the normal level of plutonium was found in New York City's water supply.



ORACLES OF OUR NATION ADDRESSING

Senator Steve Symms (R-Idaho) proposed a constitutional amendment that would make English the official language of the United States.



WORST NEW U.S. CITIZEN

Report: Murdoch



WHERE COULD THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Clayton Avenue, Philadelphia

LIFE-STYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

Stephen Frazetta, who was over a million dollars in the New York State Lottery three years ago, was arrested for stealing \$5,000 from his water's convenience store.

National Affairs

PRIMATE OF THE YEAR

WORST NEW SNACK

Shrimp (Imported) Kinoko candy

WORST NEW APPELLATION

A.B. Lewis couple named their newborn son Rambo.

WORST NEW DEVELOPMENT IN THE SERVICE ECONOMY

Actors dressed as Rambo costumes begin delivering Ramboisms.

YDI

Sylvester Stallone told an interviewer that his ideal screenplay would have only one word of dialogue.

QUINCY J. TAYLOR ALONG, PART II—THE MOVIE

Before announcing the release of the biography on Barack, President Reagan said, "Boy, after seeing *Kinoko* last night, I know what to do the next time this happens."



WHY ALL JUST ASSUMED IT WAS MICHAEL CERRINO

Workers at Los Angeles City Hall passed a law for two days before realizing he was dead.

BUMBLE, MAN

At the end of a party at which New Orleans legislators celebrated their first drinking-free summer season, a body was found at the bottom of the pool.

AND NOT A LOUSY NICKEL LEFT FOR THE CHARLES OF WILLIAM FRENCH SMITH

Senators and Schacter gave Jeanne Rotenbark a \$900,000 advance for her United Nations memoirs.

Readers House gave Tip O'Neill a \$1-million advance for his congressional memoirs.

Barber and Row gave David Stockman a \$1-million advance for his White House memoirs.

YOU MEAN I AM SIXTY-FOUR?



AND FOR TWO CRAZY WEEKS, THE STATE SONG WAS "LOUIE LOUIE"

A misprint in California's revised drug laws resulted in a temporary legalization of the hallucinogenic PCP (page 64).



SONY INTRODUCES THE TELEVISION IN WHICH FORM EQUALS FUNCTION.

The 27" Ultra-Contemporary Trinitron with Microblack.

As most TV manufacturers see it, a television's appearance should take a back seat to its performance. At Sony we have always held both as equally high criteria.

And nowhere is this more evident than in our new ultra-contemporary Trinitron® TV.

Adding its most advanced microcircuitry to a 27" ultra-staged (discreetly) screen, with our Microblack™ picture tube. For 400 lines of horizontal resolution with

direct video input and up to 50% greater contrast.

The result of which is the closest, richest, best-defined color picture in Trinitron history.

To add to that, there's a built-in stereo decoder that captures all upcoming stereo TV programming and channels it through double-sided speakers. And a separate bass

wooler for deep, full sound. Through the cable-compatible® Express Tuning® system with up to 181 channels. Even an on-screen display that shows you the

functions you're operating with your Sony Express Commander® remote control.

But no less remarkable is the form in which all these functions are housed. All-wood cabinetry with a sleek ebony finish. A permanent pedestal. Clean and contemporary lines. All of which makes the new 27" ultra-contemporary Trinitron a thing of beauty to watch.

Even when you're not watching TV.

SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY®

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GIVE A DAMN

Jerry Falwell urged Americans to support the South African government by buying Knorrmeats.



WE DON'T HEAR YOU APPLAUDING FOR:

Ted Turner, who tried to take over CBS with no cash and \$5.4 billion in junk bonds.

BUT THE DRUGS LOOK GREAT ON HER EARS

Inez Stenick of Rochester, New York, mistakenly sold a cookie tin containing thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry at a garage sale. "You like losing my ring," she said. "Shaped, shaped me."



AND IT CAN STOP ON A DIME BAG

John DeLoach announced plans to build a faster version of his golf bag car.

FINNISH YOU, MR. PRESIDENT

In a radio interview, President Reagan said that South Africa has "clarified the segregation that we once had in our own country."

THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT KRYPTON THE NIGHT UNCLE ZEE GOT INDOOR PLUMBERS

Flowers in Kansas, South Carolina, got its first straight, a motorist trying to fix it caused a four-car accident.

Business & Law



GASGOLLE OF THE YEAR

Union Carbide.



MANSION OF THE YEAR

General Strickland, who, upon being released from prison after serving time for kidnapping a Stanford graduate to death, was held 'no attention of killing upon. On the other hand I cannot predict the future."



DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT PERIODICMENTAL NIGHT

While in an Arlington Virginia, jail on charges of public drunkenness, Justice Environmental Protection Agency and

quarantine. As a result, the agency's employees, hanged last month, are the, and scratched a guard's arm.



GIVE THE GUY A BREAK. HE WAS YOUNG AND IMPETUOUS

The Los Angeles city attorney's office issued a warrant for Ed Meese's arrest in connection with a five-year-old unpaid ticket for speeding.



AND ED MEISE WILKS THE STREETS A FREE MAN

The chief justice of former attorney general John Mitchell—who served nineteen months in prison for his role in Watergate—was hung at the Justice Department.



WE'RE BRINGING JUDY NELSON

Paul LaVera of Macon, Georgia, opened the Bulldozer, a gun shop where customers can rent automatic weapons to fire at whatever targets they bring.

SO SUE US

The New York State Board of Law Examiners said that 542 would-be lawyers might have to take part of their bar exams again because the answer sheets were lost.

RAMMIE: RUMBLE, PART IV

A fifteen-year-old boy from Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan, pulled a gun on an anti-communist and ordered him to remove his beliefs.



Ho!



Ho-ho!



Ho-ho-ho!



Ho-ho-ho-ho!

VS, VSOP, Napoleon, XO. Four great Courvoisier cognacs for all the connoisseurs on your Christmas list.

To send one or all of these gifts anywhere in the country, call 1-800-238-4373* toll-free. **COURVOISIER**
Le Cognac de Napoleon

NOT TONIGHT, DEAR, IT'S AT THE CLEANERS

A rubber shortage in Poland forced the government to ration condoms.

GLENDAN WININGER, THIS BUMP'S FOR YOU

Glendon Waininger of Bloomington, Indiana, killed her boyfriend by repeatedly dropping a bowling ball on his head.



MAYBE SHE THINKS YOU'RE A BORN

John Travolta grilled his co-worker on *Private*. "I'm not sure if Jackie Lee wants to make love to me or not," he wrote. "Maybe we should just play it by ear.... Maybe she is waiting for me to take over.... Maybe I should ask."



THE ALBERT SCHWEITZER HUMANITARIAN AWARD TO:

Critic John Barnes, why, at a New York play, exclaimed, "Bismarckism in the theater! My God, I can't wait until AIDS gets off of stage!"

HE'S REALLY A GOOD KID—QUITE, NEEDS TO HIMSELF

Sharon Harms of Minnesota, Minnesota, gave birth to a baby boy she was not expecting. "I felt nervous and went into the bedroom," she said, "and that's when I saw the baby's foot in the mirror."



Madonna and Sean Penn



Al Pacino and Sydney Schanberg

BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF P.S. 32

Describing the student body at the Horsey Mills School, a New York public high school for its racemate, teacher Paul Goldhaber said, "For the most part, the males are overtly effeminate, some are transvestites, and the girls are all rough."



JOHN SIMON SENT HIS REGRETS

Sancti Boon Boon, a San Francisco homosexual who dresses in a man's habit, announced plans to wed.

OH, HENRY, YOU BITCH

Recalling the Vietnam peace talks on the ABC News documentary 45/45, Henry Kissinger said, "I thought that Lu Tai. This had occurred some hidden physical abuse too for me. He couldn't keep his hands off me."

The Sexes

FUN COUPLES



Jesse Jackson and Jerry Falwell



President Reagan and Margaret Thatcher



Catherine Cromwell Webb and Gary Dotson



SCHMACH OF THE YEAR

CBS *Murder News* host Phyllis George suggested that Gary Dotson (who'd served six years in jail on a rape charge) and Catherine Cromwell Webb (who'd received her accusers' names up for hugging each other).

SAUT UP AND SHOW US YOUR BUNSEN BURNER

In her autobiography, *On Her Own*, Brooke Shields wrote, "I'm willing to admit that I'm a virgin because I feel so strongly about it.... Though I am sexually inexperienced, I'm in with some other young women of the power of body chemistry."

CRYING WERE BEGS TO DIFFER

Ann Landers published the results of a survey in which more than sixty thousand women claimed to prefer hugging to hugging.



WISER, YES, BUT SHE'LL STILL HAVE TO REPEAT MATH

The eight-month marriage of forty-year-old former Howard Stern's *Woman* and forty-year-old John C. Kluge ended in divorce in Venice. John's lawyer and the girl was returning to the sixth grade.

Introducing New Post Fruit & Fibre Harvest Medley.

"It's a harvest! This Fruit and... and"

It's new Harvest Medley—another delicious way to forget the fiber. We mix crispy flakes with a mouth-watering medley of sweet dried apples, crunchy almonds, and plump raisins. And don't forget, you get the goodness of high fiber in every delicious bite.

Post Fruit & Fibre

Post Fruit & Fibre
Tastes so good you forget the fiber.

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY



GO AHEAD, MAKE MY SANDWICH

WINE: TV's *News of New Jersey* tries a reporter too New Jersey close to interview a waitress about what she served Bernhard Goetz for lunch.

AND HERE, FOR CENTURY 21, IS JOHN ZACCARO

Giuseppe Ferraro and her two daughters appeared in a television commercial endorsing Diet Pepsi.



WHY NOT JUST MARRY A ROCK STAR?

Yoko Ono met with Jacqueline Babin, producer of *All My Children*, about the possibility of joining the cast. "She wants to become more visible to the American public," said Babin, "and she thinks being on a soap would be the best way."

THE TOMATOES JUMP YOU FROM BEHIND, THE ROMANIAN SLAPS YOU AROUND, AND THEN THE ZUCCHINI PUNCHES YOUR HEAD INTO MACO-BITS

NBA-TV's *Emotionless News* on New York featured the special report "Isled Here: A Had-John Killer."

COMEBACK OF THE YEAR

Don Turner goes on air to review to *Spin* magazine.

I GOT BARFSCHNORZ! I GOT SPURTS! I GOT STRIDS! BUT THEY'RE GOING FAST! SO COME ON DOWN TO UNBALANCED EDWARDS! FW GO ECHIBIBO, I SHOULD BE IN ANALYSIS. WHAT AM I SAYING? I AM IN ANALYSIS!

New York public television station WNET announced it would begin to sell air time for commercials.

FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES 1, JOURNALISM 0

An article on Monday about Matthew B. Zeleznick, the red-wine developer and magazine publisher, through promoted phrases and unattributed characterizations, established a tone that cast its subject in an unfavorable light. The article violated the Times's standards of fairness.

—Editor's Note, *The New York Times*, August 7



"THE BORN CONTINENT: A NATION IN TROUBLE" BY MORTON KOPPELACK'S DAUGHTER WITH BUREAU REPORTS
New York's Morton Koppelack sent a reporter to gather information for his teen-ager's term paper on Africa.

LOVED YOUR TWE ON THE MOBILE, OBLIGATION OF THINKING NATIONS TO FEED THE HUNGRY, YOUR EMBASSIES, BUT COULD YOU WORN IN A COUPLE OF 'GRAPES ON THE SATANIC CULT MEMBER ON LONG ISLAND?

Robert Murdoch announced that he's signed the pope to write a weekly column for his newspaper.



WITH PEACH YOU GET PRAYING WANTIS

A ghetto special on summer depicts in *Phonix* the Daytime-zoo advertisement's inclusion of a slat of a large ant about to crawl onto the blueberry collier.

Media



BEST CAVIER MOVE

Clara von Bülow posed in black leather for *Vanity Fair*.

I LOVE THE SMELL OF BLACK LEATHER IN THE MORNING!

Clara von Bülow said that if he wrote an autobiography that became a TV miniseries, he wanted to be played by Robert Duvall.

GEORGE LUMPTON, KEE YOUR HEART OUT

On 20/20, Gerald Rivera re-enacted Bernhard Goetz's New York subway slottings.



FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES 2, JOURNALISM 0

AOL executive Nicole Arledge, a Kennedy confidant, allegedly canceled a 25/20 segment on the death of Marilyn Monroe that reportedly detailed the involvement of the Mafia and her relationships with Robert F. Kennedy.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide

SOFT PACK: 10 mg "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
TOL: 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

NOW IN SOFT PACK*

And longer length regular and menthol box.



REACH FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL STERLING

*Soft available in all areas.

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...BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS, WHAT ABOUT BIG BROT? I'M GLAD I WASN'T AT HIS BRIDE!

London rabbi Clifford Cohen was fired by his congregation for proposing his serious wish to marry jokes.

LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

Movie star wife Philip Michael Thomas bought an old movie house and re-opened it as Philip Michael Thomas's Movie Why Theater. The first scheduled attraction was a retrospective of Thomas's own films.

COMPARED TO MILLY CRYSTAL, MAYBE

NBC began broadcasting wedding specials on Saturday nights. Said producer Dick Ebersol: "I find the 'brides' of all some of the biggest and funniest stuff done in America today."



MAN AT HIS BEST

At a Washington dinner, Red-shouldered Hawk John Reardon told Supreme Court justice Sandra Day O'Connor, "Center on, Sandy, baby, because up. You're too tight." He then passed out on the floor.

WORST MOVIES OF THE YEAR

NOW SHOWING AT THE HELL PLAZA OCTOPLEX:



Patrick



Eric Clapton



Rocky IV



The Shogun's Wife



Pre and a Big Adventure



St. James's Park



The Victim



National Lampoon's European Vacation



ON, SHUT UP

Pat Boone said of Love Aid, "The Damon Boone songs were doo-wop, and Tina Turner and Mick Jagger did their banging, grinding, thrust... face-to-face, belly-to-belly.... It's hard to look at something like that and think, 'I'm going to send money to starving kids.'"



DOWN, GIRL

Accepting her Academy Award for best actress, Sally Field told the audience, "I can't deny the fact that you like me right now! You like me! dead!"



DOWN, BOY

Attacking the press to Entertainment! Tonight reporter Barbara Bloom, Frank Sinatra said, "Let me tell you something! You're all dead! Every one of you is dead, dead, dead!"

REASONS TO GO ON LIVING

Chuck Barris, producer of *The New Zealand Game* and *The New Dating Game* and *The New Game Show* are in the works.

The forthcoming book *Conch—A Biography of the Super-Snail* will include a foreword by Michael Jackson.

AIRC was reported to be developing a late-night talk show for Tina Turner.

Watership Wargler E. Shovel said that he's writing on a play called *Watership People*, a musical based on the story of Claus and Sissy von Blower.

Entertainment & Sports

THE BAD NOSE BEARS ALL-STARS, 1985:



EXPOSE ME, PROFESSOR, WILL YOU BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE UNLUSTY?
Middlebury College in Vermont offered a course in the film of Brigitte Bardot.



WRETCHED EXCESS
Dynasty II: The Gatsby

IMAGINE WE EMPLOYING
British actor Mark Lindsay, who was to have played the role of John Lennon in a TV movie, was fired when it became known that his real name was Mark Chapman.



A ROUND FOR THE HOUSE AND AN AIR-SWIFT BAG FOR MY FRIEND HERE
The Penhouse magazine said that a Paradise hotel Australia's first diesel-drawing comics.



ONE SLIGHTLY TANNED WOODY HAYES
MIDWINTER FOR GRACE UNDER PRESSURE to Columbus football coach Jim Garrett, who, after losing to Harvard in his first game, said, "I'm tired. They are disappointed losers."



THANKS, BUT WE'RE SEEN MORE THAN ENOUGH ALREADY
Dancing her partner with a Washington Post reporter, Mary Lou Retton said, "I don't sleep with a male on. You should see me at the marriage."



OR THEY MIGHT RUN SCHMELTZ ON THE INCREDIBLE SCHMOOZING GROOM AND CALL IT JERRY LEWIS

The Haplogliss and Haplogliss and Bailey circus attracted tourists "uncounted" was a great whose hornheads had been pulled into the middle of his head. Said Dr. John Kullberg, president of the ANSPA, "Next thing you know they will graze out the eye sockets of some animal and call it Cydrius."



BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS



PROOF OF THE YANKEES
Manager Billy Martin suffered a broken right arm and two cracked ribs in a fall from a balcony brawl with his pitcher Sid Watson.

WHAT A MISTAKE! DON'T THAT "LOUIE LOUIE"?
NIGM put the wrong musical theme under the prelude of its videotape version of *Gone with the Wind*.

Let the Crusade Begin

by John M. Barry

The POLITICAL ASCENDANCY OF A JOCK POSSESSED

Jack French Kemp

answers to himself and his God and trusts his instincts. He trusts them in a way deeper not only than most politicians but than most men. And now Jack Kemp's instincts are telling him to run for President. "I'm interested in it," he says. "It would be foolish of me not to be."

So far Kemp's interest has gotten him a swelling list of seventy thousand donors, a political-action committee that raised \$1.5 million in 1984 (and even more in 1985), and a new staff experienced in national campaigns. Already this former professional football player and Vice-President

George Bush seem to have distanced themselves from the other sectors of the 1980 Republican nomination. That Kemp, an eight-term congressman, is the only member of the House of Representatives since the Civil War to become both a major national figure and a serious contender for the presidency is no accident. No appointments, no lucky singing out, no powerful constituency has helped him get this far, nothing but his personality and his unshakable vision have propelled him. Looking at him, at above, Now 44,

Kemp has grown more attractive with age. The years have added enough lines to give

John M. Barry was senior based in Washington, D.C.

KEMP AT HOME WITH A GOOD BOOK



success and his life—with the way he had succeeded in football, the way he had learned economics on his own, the way he had done everything. Some months later he taught out Wisconsin. Their first meeting was from 10:00 in the morning until 10:00 at night. For months Kemp devoted two days a week to the way he would call Wisconsin early in the morning with questions like, "Why did the economy boom in New Germany? What I think Keynesian?" It all surprised Wisconsin. He had had experience with other politicians, and all they had wanted was the bottom line. Kemp was different. He demanded and demanded, Wisconsin recalls. "He does not want to be embarrassed. He wants to be able to debate a Fed chairman or a Nobel laureate without being considered by a fact he does it later."

Kemp was not being looking for a vehicle, but he found one. Supply-side economics quickly became a crusade, and it consumed him. Eisenhower, for example, cannot recall a conversation with Kemp where Kemp did not speak about his views. Persuasive and confident, he told Eisenhower, "I want you to my side. I think you're very important." Eisenhower says, "It was very effective. I'm sure he had everyone that."

Kemp's crusade could have begun at a better time, and as he became a supply-side, two major political currents began swirling through the country. The first was tax cutting, a swing state governments from California to Massachusetts and lined up with Kemp's message of a limited growth through tax cuts. Laffer Secretary that broke the Republican national chairman, recognized the political potency of Kemp's tax proposal and soon it became the official position of the Republican party, despite the doubts of which swing congressional Republicans viewed it.

The second current infused only indirectly to the first. It was the rise of family morality as an issue. In a way, this would consume Kemp's agenda. Family is very important to Kemp. There is a strange middle-America element to him as well as an absolutist, a thing is either right and good or it is not. His semi-secluded home in Bethesda, Maryland, is an ideal place to raise children. He attends an evangelical Presbyterian church, his wife hosts a Bible study class on Friday afternoons, and he has had paper handouts with his other staff. When many congressional staffers can barely find time to stretch their legs, Kemp's staff is always in Washington. Kemp saw his son Jay virtually all his parents at birth. His loyalty extends to friends and old associates as well. He keeps their phone calls if he is in a car and if a quickly if not. In the middle of his life he is blocked off in a meeting with advisors, a one-time associate with a drug problem called. Kemp talked to him for twenty minutes. "Once you're a friend of

Jack's," says one football player. "You've got to really make an effort for him to get up on you."

KEMP HAS WHAT HE CALLS "TWO MONIES," and he wants to rely it. Charles Black, a political consultant, says Kemp strikes up the moment "his the insurance of the model, all of his day at it, and wakes up the next day thinking about it. His devotion to the model is so unwavering that even the likes of Senator Richard Lugar, who is sympathetic to Kemp's policy positions, complains of "perplexities" in the House who have the luxury of irresponsibility because the GOP is in the minority there.

What Kemp really wants is to create a new economic order. He thinks the way

because he has said, "I don't think that prudent fiscal policy and sound money have anything to do with right and wrong." Money and credit have a moral dimension."

Kemp's economic Achilles' heel is the deficit. But he doesn't worry so much about the deficit as about the class of government "the insurance of the private sector, the total amount of spending and borrowing." He prefers a smaller government share of GNP and a high deficit to a larger government share and a balanced budget. In fact, while most of his New Right colleagues are worried about a balanced budget amendment, What's more important, he says, is whether GNP grows faster than the deficit. "If deficits stay at \$200 billion for the next twenty years and the economy grows to \$12 trillion [from its present \$5 trillion], would you say they're too big?" The trouble is, most economists think the trend lines are not moving in that direction. And in the summer of 1984 Kemp said, "If we got the deficit down to \$100 billion next year, we'd not be able to pass our case." Of course, the deficit seems twice that. Yet he believes that time will give him right—if only his policies are implemented.

He supports the Reagan military buildup, Central American policy, and anti-War. He also supports school prayer and opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment, and buster. He plays down his position on the social issues, however, in his efforts to gain political credibility. He also attacks out loud. Black House Budget Committee chairman William Gray is a threat and Kemp has put Gary and White House aides together on budget issues. He was a prime mover behind the election of Martin Luther King Day and wants an across-the-board tax cut.

A strong free trader, he has even proposed help to steel. But in his own industry, setting in an empire, reading a *New York Times* story quoting the publicist and Robert Fickelmann as saying that Japanese workers in developing American industry and the U.S. should move toward protectionism, Kemp says, "It's that something I don't compete. 'Gore up'."

IT'S NOT KEMP'S ASSUMPTIONS THAT ARE flawed, but the way one connects with his personality. And his personality has determined not just his effectiveness, but his ideas and policies. So criticizing one amounts to criticizing the other. "Practical politicians are generally like lawyers," he observes. "They can't get the ball in court then go out and negotiate." But Jack seems to react so vigorously as if he's been personally injured.

His conviction almost requires this. In his book he writes, "I find a hard truth of a political issue that does not involve the choice between right and wrong," and several times quotes G. K. Chesterton's do-

(Continued on page 170)

Esquire's PARTY PLANNER

The whirlwind of holiday parties that time of year brings with it the thrill of entertaining... and of being entertained. This year, instead of the well-worn party line—look to Esquire's Party Planning Guide, for a welcome new look at recipes for head refreshments and tips for your next holiday gathering. They're recommended by our advertisers and brought to you with Season's Greetings from Esquire.



1. A. Perry: Secretary, 1911-1912.

bridges the gap between sweet and dry sparkling wines. It complements all party foods, from cheese and appetizers to meat, seafoods and fruit.

For a drink to add sparkle to any party try the Prosecco Mimosas—fresh orange and orange juice. Cerveza Nevada Beta brews and a host of Grand Marnier. To send a gift of Cerveza Nevada to the U.S., call toll-free 1-800-368-1340.

Call 1-800-525-5252 for more information.
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1. Summary

It was on Christmas day of 1867 that the first Glaxo baby's single malt Scotch whisky ran into the copper mugs of Major William Grant's nursery in Dufftown, Scotland.

The first presentation of brother-in-law Gerd Schickel as an independent firm has been a success for him.

Journal of the American Statistical Association, 88, 1993
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DOI: 10.2307/2291011

2. *Veronica* *Veronica*

Exceptional balance and character make *Belle* that a virtuous sparkling wine. Serve a bottle dress as a dinner appetizer with favorite hors d'oeuvres. It is also crisp and dry enough to make an excellent accompaniment to dessert. *Belle* First is a beautiful way to add sparkle to your holiday occasions with family and friends.

To send a gift of *Buds* that up the U.S. call toll-free 1-800-441-TALK.

A. Government

Every minute it you can go together. Some Gators and all the staff there were your water party. To send a gift of money to the party room, you can't be there all 1,600.00. THANK you, about 100,000 to 100,000.

CONTINUED ON THE INSIDE
A deluxe travel kit for \$100.

DAVE CONTREAS
1-c. Gumball, hot coffee (c.8). Top
with fresh-squeezed cream.

INSTEAD IN A JAMPER
The clear, transparent slide will let you know when to jump.

CHAMPAGNE JACOBE
 Pour 1 L: Contenance d'un champagne
 blanc. Ajout d'une foule d'œufs durs
 et de saumon.

Dr. Edgar Allan Poe, M.D., Registered Veterinary Surgeon,
1214 W. 4th Avenue, 1902



1. Describe Wine Glass Mannerism

Ingredients:
 1 cup. of Champagne
 4 tsp. of Grand Marnier
 2 tsp. of granulated sugar
 1 strip of orange peel, 1/2" wide and
 1 inch long without any white
 pithiness attached

Twist one orange peel over each glass, then place peel at bottom of glass. Pour 1 teaspoon of Grenadine in each glass. Over Grenadine, pour 2 teaspoons of Grand Marnier. Complete with cold champagne.

4. Research Design

INSTANT MARTINI?
Here's how to use a Foodary Martini. Fill a drink mixer to the top with vegetables or large pieces of chopped ice. Use one quart Extra Dry Vermouth and one ounce Foodary Martini.

Skin rapidly and evenly is very cold to the touch. Face into chilled cocktail glasses, moist flexibility and tension point over the top. Nervous immediately.

T. Anthony Young.

THE IDEAL MOUNTAIN MOUNTAIN
To serve Minkas in the breakfast room, serve it down in an open house.

To make the morning out of the top of an empty half gallon milk or juice container and wash it out thoroughly.

Insert a 700-watt bulb of Minkas bulbs. Fill container with water and place upright in the lowest for two days or until water cold.

When water cold, use water to

When ready to serve, cut every paper container leaving the vodka in a frozen block of ice and pour straight up. Garnish with elegant cloth and secret as your guests would drink.

4. Mergers and Acquisitions Issues

Suppose your parents this holiday season wish to catch a train that leaves from the world's leading brewery. Nothing else goes into the richness of dark beer, the smoothness of M&C® COLA.

occasions. When you're going, it's
NICHOLSON. Classic Dress®
Antique-Inspired. It's a new idea.

4. Total Maximum Allowable Withdrawal (TMAW) for the

Guarantee Guarantee. Get the **Guarantee Guarantee's.** Gortals Cat. There's no better spot to celebrate the holiday spirit. With Gortals Cat, the possibilities are endless.

20. "Gas" Screen.
The Gaslight is also scheduled. 12

post-1990s
environmental trend

This 100% English dish is usually less a dinner; it's a half-baked refugio and emotional satisfaction, sustained by other previous feelings. Enjoy it now, with a splash of water – or on the rocks. Another story at www.fox.com.

[illegible]

How Liz Claiborne Designed an Empire

THERE is a Liz Claiborne. I do not travel in designer circles, and I know very little about fashion. Sometimes these matters are made up; there certainly is a Gloria Vanderbilt, whose name goes on the jeans, and there is a Calvin Klein and a Ralph Lauren, but there isn't a Season, nor designing clothes on my

I got curious about Liz Claiborne because not only is she the name on bins of clothes, but she is also an entrepreneur, and was in that capacity that she came to my attention.

Two years ago Claiborne started a small sportswear company with her husband, Art Gensberg. Liz had been a designer since she was twenty-one. The Gensbergs picked up a production team, Leonard Blauer, male marketing man, Jerry Chasen, and they started the business with \$23,000 of their own savings and another \$300,000 from Gandy and friends.

Liz Claiborne Inc.'s projected sales revenue for 1985 was about \$550 million. Stock in the company, which went public in 1981, had gone up fivefold from the original offering; the market value of the company reached \$1 billion; and in 1984, the Gensbergs themselves reportedly had \$150 million in their own stock. It is the kind of story that should gladden the heart of our President, who likes to tell stories of successful entrepreneurs. All this in a business known for its cutthroat competition, in which companies start up, attack the shooting stars through the night sky, and disappear. I thought, Liz Claiborne must know something about American success.

I have walked through the fashion district in New York countless times—you can't help it if you walk in New York—but I had never been to it. I met Jerry Chasen, the senior vice-president for marketing, at breakfast time one morning at the company's headquarters. The streets and ele-

vators were full of men and women—mostly women—going to work, and the atmosphere was totally different from what I only a few blocks away.

In the world of television or magazines, the women often look casual, some of them might even go to work in jeans and sweaters. Here several Seventh Avenue each outfit was an event, getting dressed in the morning was preparing to go onstage. On the street corner, a woman in purple stockings and a purple dress with a polka-dot pattern (my primitive fashion vocabulary inhibits me) waited for the straight to change. The woman standing next to her nodded, said, "That's pretty." The woman in purple nodded in return, reached over, felt the lapel of the jacket of her companion, traced the line of a bodice with her hands, and said, "Nice." Then the woman walked off in opposite direction.

"What, made it happen?" said Chasen and he had not talked about the company's growth. "Two things. One is that the women went to work. The schools are pumping out a half million of these ladies a year. Some of them start to fancy style and any home. If you stay home, all you need is jeans and a cotton dress, but the difference in women going to work—especially now that women have gone into the professions—a billions of dollars a year in clothes. Believe it. And the second reason is Liz herself. She has an eye as finely tuned as a compass with absolute pick."

"I think of one particular incident that told me what was going on. We shipped this first trial skirt across the country and waited for the responses. A retailer in Houston called me and said he had sold in one day. I said, 'That's great, do not a factor—send out who bought them and the retailer called back and said, Get this. All we sold were bought by the same woman. She came in with her mother; her mother said, 'She's just graduated high school, and now she's going to work.'"

"TM Loo," said Liz. Liz has close-cropped black hair, orange tinted tortoiseshell glasses, a handsome smile. She wore a checkered skirt, cowboy boots, and a shirt-sleeved. (Stump pants, for matter whose fashion consciousness are also limited, have loops to put your feet through, which allow the pants and give them a taut silhouette.) Liz's office is very white—white walls, white surfaces everywhere. Flowers. No chairs. We sat on two stools at a white table.

Liz Claiborne is from an old New Orleans family. Her father worked for Morgan Guaranty in Illinois, so Liz grew up in both the United States and Europe and went to art schools in Brussels and Paris.

"I've always loved clothes. My mother liked sewing, I loved painting, and I think growing up in Europe was a help to the eye. Europeans have a more careful sense of the visual than Americans. Americans might just a paper canon of walk on the tables. Europeans would pose the walk into a pitcher and put the pitcher on the table. I told my family I wanted to work in fashion, and they were dead set against it. It was—well, too New York, too rough. But at twenty-one I won a *Playboy's* fashion design contest and landed for New York with a sketchbook. I was a designer at Junior has Lagen for sixteen years before we started this company."

I asked Claiborne if her family had ever changed their mind about the rough New York business.

"It took a long time. It's not as rough now."

Claiborne is fifty-six now. I said building out of America's biggest-growing clothing line must have helped—and also the \$550 million in stock.

"Oh, old," said Claiborne. "She has a thirty-two-year-old son, from her first marriage. Both husbands have been at the support business."

Alan Softly's Money World stories may not be fiction, but they are not for the country.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY SUTTON



I asked Claiborne what she could tell about corporate success from its clothes.

"When the women first went to work, they had no sense of themselves," Claiborne said. "The clothes were all designed to make them look like men-men. The designers took the men's patterns because suit and just changed it a bit so it would fit a woman. White blouse, floppy bow tie, sometimes even a four-in-hand tie. It was as if all the men were in the boardroom and all the women would be at the boardroom, too—so if everybody started at the top. But the women weren't at the boardroom."

"You can tell the style in very high-powered New York law firms, or financial firms. Where money is real money and power is power; you'd better be in those and high heels—did even there you don't have to be in a man's suit."

"I think the clothes women wear to work are getting more feminine, as women become more secure in business. Also, corporations themselves are getting looser, more oriented to people—they're heard as much about the Japanese. The Japanese have quality circles and they talk to all the workers' opinions—at least, that's what you hear."

"I walk to work. I get a look out of seeing how women dress—whether any busy, they don't want to bother in made with clothes, and they need reassurance, they have to be told it's okay. I've had a woman ask me, 'Liz, I wear your skirt with an Anne Klein pant.'"

"Fashion can flow from the street up. Paris is a great laboratory, because Europeans women get a sense of their own individuality more quickly than Americans do. California women have great confidence in casual wear. We started in sportswear, and we still produce a more casual look."

I asked Claiborne what was the most surprising thing about American women that could be learned from the clothes that they bought.

"Well, you hear a lot about fitness. You sell sports clothes and jogging clothes, and the general feeling is that women are much more fit than they used to be, but the clothing sales tell us that 30 percent of them are overweight."

Under some of the older American apparel firms, Liz Claiborne Inc. has few factories. Most of its production is contracted out to independent manufacturers who produce the finished clothes—and most of

"WHAT MADE IT HAPPEN?" says a member of the Claiborne team. "Women went to work. Some of them used to marry early. The difference in women going to work is billions of dollars in clothes. Billions."

their factories are in the Orient.

"We don't do a design and then add the cost of producing and selling. We do a sample, and then we think—'I think it'll be great to wear this to my job, how much would I pay for it? Then we try to keep the cost to that.'"

"I go to Hong Kong, Taiwan, Korea," said Claiborne. "We have contracts in San Luis and the Philippines."

Isn't that tough on American jobs? "It is. When we started, we manufactured here. We were a union shop. But you can't finish these developing countries. Let's face it, in the developing countries, working in an export factory is a good job that an American mother wants to see her daughter sitting in front of a sewing machine in a factory."

What happens to American jobs, then? "Well, it's very tough that, just like we worry about the legislation that would put on limits or quotas to protect those jobs. American jobs are going to be at the high end, the luxury end, but even Japan exports to Italy and China. We just can't be labor-intensive."

Except, I suggested, on the design end. "Well, that's right. When I started, design was a glamorous trade for women. Gowns, in sketch, long hair, going to parties and whether you're going to them, leave at 3:00. Now the designers all their heads with research, and they work twelve hours a day. You have to be involved all the way—the business is changing. We have negotiators, buying six platters of clothes. It's not just Lord & Taylor, it's Jody's five brothers of Lord & Taylor, and the product has to be there."

Stock-market lull tells us that when the business is slow, it's slow. It is the Depression the business dropped to the bottom—where to now?

"Businesses are slower the place, both up and down," said Liz Claiborne. "All I can tell you about the trend is that things are moving faster and faster and faster."

Photographs
by George Barrett

Who Is David Byrne? What Is David Byrne? Does David Byrne Matter? YES.

by James Kaplan

In the summer of 1965, I was driving east on Route 24 near Short Hills, New Jersey: a stretch of new road that seven or eight years before had, at a stroke, transformed the leafy suburban tension of my childhood into a futuristic landscape—that had, at a stroke, allowed for the rapid transit of three lanes of cars between the city, which lay strung across the hazy, distant, twenty miles distant, and the newly expanded, transfigured and futurized, world. I was driving along that stretch of road at a point where it rises to a maximum elevation and then falls, giving a sudden vista of the gigantic suburban/industrial plain spreading toward the city, when I turned on the radio and my life was changed.

Now, that has an unfortunate sound to it, so reverberate around—as if I had heard the word of God (as there on Route 24, said, like those people who put bumper stickers that say, I FOUND IT on their cars, I had been looking for something that was missing from my life, and suddenly here

*Down: Dylan's clothes have appeared in *Empire* and elsewhere. Kaplan will publish his next novel this year.*



The Fighter with the Glass Heart

Mark Breland has all that it takes to make it in boxing. The only problem is, he doesn't like to hit people

M

arkland isn't going to the gym today. "I just feel...ash, you know?" He shrugs this serious, phantasmic heavyweight Henry Tillson, a big, earnest fellow, and at Tillson's house—a ragged little guy called Beatty, from a spare position on the floor of his sprawling new bachelor pad high above Manhattan's Upper West Side, Breland, the elegant, handsome, most hyped welterweight (147 pounds) in the history of boxing, has just returned from a two-week Cambodian cruise, a "reward" for his second consecutive professional victory. Because of his amazing amateur record—110 wins and four losses, with seven of those knockouts—he's the star attraction of a group of gold-medal winners from the 1984 U.S. Olympic Boxing Team. They all turned up together a year ago in a masterfully coordinated Network Boxing Event, and it everything goes according to the blueprint of Breland's manager, Shelly Finkel, they'll all win titles at the same time.

Finkel, forty-one, who looks like two designer pillows crunched together by a Gucci belt, has proclaimed the collapse of the line that used to divide

by John Lombardi



After winning the Olympic gold medal,

Breland was suddenly boxing's Chosen One, the logical successor to Ali and Leonard.

sports from entertainment. "Sports is show biz—has been since Ali, or maybe Gorgeous George." In so saying, Finkel, a flamboyantly bald man with a background in rock 'n' roll, betrays not the slightest bit of nostalgia for what boxing once was. For Finkel, aggressive ring of a new breed of boxing sales managers, there is no sentimentality about what A. J. Liebling called the Sweet Science, no romance about a faintly murky ideal of masculine pride that once stirred the state boxer, along with the bull-fighter and top-guns hunter, above race, religious and, um, women's.

Finkel made his first pile by turning scruffy rock

acts into corporate product, and he sees no reason not to apply the same formula to boxing. Sure, America likes well-oiled things, but not too well-oiled. The manly art? Much? Hey, guy, this is USA. "Because of closed-circuit TV, boxing has made millions of dollars for certain people, but that's nothing, nothing, compared with what it could make if it had a better image," Finkel says forthrightly.

But what about fighters like Roberts "Stone Hands" Duran or the late Charles "Sonny" Liston or Thurman "Fat Man" Herrera, Finkel is asked. None of them were even socially broken, let alone aware of such things as "image," and in a log-on, log off

culture like ours, *that's* what made them great.

"That's not what made them great," Finkel says, with the confidence of a deli master making a race sandwich. "You know what I'd do with a guy like Tommy Hearns? Get him one of those deals like Jerry Lewis has, a discount Mac MS, you know? People would see another side of Tommy and forget the 'Fat Man' stuff. For all of his hype, you don't see Hearns selling sneakers on TV, do you? Damn men or had loads of an endorsement portfolio, did he?"

John Lombardi is former associate editor of *Esquire*; he is currently writing a book on white-collar corruption. He lives in New York.

"Vidal Sassoon Natural Control Hairspray for men—the art of style."

Andy Warhol,
Artist,
New York, N.Y.



"I wish I could control my fans the way Vidal Sassoon Grooming Gel for men controls my hair."

Bill Wahmans
Lead Vocal, "Amnition,"
Los Angeles, Ca.



knock everyone out, and says that yeah, he knows he has to work on his bad habits—dropping the left hand after picking, leaning back from punches. Then he reminds reporters that Muhammad Ali did these things all through his career and got away with them. There's more than a hint of pride and enjoyment in his tone, something Pinolel notes and seems him about.

The next day a TV camera sees a disheveled 9 ft. and 160-lb. jockey, VP of upstairs at A&E, appears that "Reinold is no Leonard, personality-wise." Subsequent plans for televising the Olympic fighters look better as a "golden common" are abandoned in favor of occasionally showing them separately, as in part of other cards. Bill Gallo, a New York Daily News boxing writer, observes that for all the press and TV fanfare, Reinold fought a C+ fight. Pinolel suggests that Reinold call Gallo and fight or less agree, then promise to do better. The kid does as he's told.

"You weren't about Reinold? Tell him he don't get to Tom so much!"

This is the considered opinion of a bunch of guys when George Washington won't let into the Summer Avenue gym on a frozen winter afternoon. Nevertheless, they dance around in the cold, their heads rattled in towels and sweat bands, observing as Reinold's new boxer Ford (Reinold II, lands, Joe Pinolel, Reinold's trainer, shuffled in unopposed. It's 1:10 p.m., Training starts at 3:00, and Reinold has just arrived.

Pinolel is old school. In the Sixties he trained Norman Mailer's pal Jose Torres, the no-light heavyweight champion, then went on to train Joe Frazier. He'd had a heart attack and was quietly teaching a school for bad kids in upper New York when he got a call from Pinolel, who'd taken Reinold's unimpressed "Night of Gold" performance to heart.

Pinolel is the kind of trainer who still thinks boxing is pain. He contrasts Pinolel's "adulgence" of Reinold, reflected in the Red-Blay gym's carefree atmosphere—Reinold showed up dressed in designer leather and diamond rings. Now, at least, he's going around like some Tony Martin of the ring, his face painted inward, bending at the waist to adjust his subway heater with his boxing gloves on, actually doing extra stunts as some money.

Reinold's customary expression, benign alcoholism, sometimes makes Pinolel wonder. Pinolel's first trainer, Washington, was a straight-shoot conditioner who believed in letting a young fellow develop muscles that felt good to him, then taught him to maximize power, block and duck—and that was about it. Under Washington, Reinold compiled his record, but he had the tremendous natural advantage of being five inches taller than most welterweights. As he matures into a mid-

weight he'll be facing bigger opponents who won't necessarily fall down as easily as he has them. Also, the Golden Gloves and the Olympics are the ultimate. Pinolel points out. In the amateurs you get points for doing things "correctly," and they stop fights quicker than they do in the pros. You can't intimidate a guy with two kids who is making \$130 a week pushing trucks around and sees you as a way out of the neighborhood by doing things "correctly"—you've got to hurt him. And keep him getting hurt yourself.

"You gotta have a philosophy," Pinolel insists. "Every move you make has to have a reason. When you finish a series of punches, you've got to be in position to throw again, or move away. Not only was Mark corner, he left me and tried to lean away from shots, but he was jumped around, still up a lot of energy for nothing." I told him, "Think, think."

George Washington, who is getting on, who has been retained on the Pinolel payroll as a cornerman and so shows no interest against Pinolel, nevertheless shakes his head. "They got him stopped back after he just? That slow down? You got to tell what you do! Mark young? It makes him able to move."

To be precise, Reinold just shrugs off the conflicting advice, saying he can handle it, that in fact all the damage has been done for him—"Our guy knows his better, another body shot." He likes his knees when he says this, as what he means is a confident expression, but his eyes show up and crack control, then glide on back to begin a workout.

Three months after his first pro fight and there aren't any more his second, the kid has a roll at Reinold's Marina, Atlantic City. He's won \$600 in an hour at blackjack, and the dealer, a blond young man, keeps looking at him uncomprehendingly and calling him boss. He's losing nothing but his own fifty dollar chips, often more on one hand than his dad, Herbert, brings home on Fridays. "Let it ride," he tells the dealer when the latter looks to see if Reinold wants to retrieve some of the chips from the betting table.

Bob Jada's and Ron Jones, Reinold's traveling companion and corner, look really, and, taking some cash from Reinold, they head for another game. Joe Pinolel checks his watch. Some rubber-anchors are starting to surround the table, having associated the slinky kid in the baseball cap with the Olympic gold medal winner being shown on the big TV monitor in the lobby, between the drinking and smoking area.

"Let's take a walk," Reinold announces simply. Jada's and Jones respect respectfully to cash his chips for him. Pinolel follows at a respectful two paces. Muscular truck girls smile demurely, and Mike World of Sports fans eye him openly. "Keep on down!" Jada's corner are flushed

"Vidal Sassoon Grooming Mousse for men... everything else is all wet."

Steve Lundquist
Olympic Swimmer
Jamaica, Ga.



"If it's good enough for them, it's good enough for me. Because if they don't look good, I don't look good."

Vidal Sassoon,
Chairman of the Board,
Vidal Sassoon, Inc.,
Los Angeles, Ca.





In Washington, work week attire consists of button-down shirts and black-tie evenings. This month we feature the motif sweater as the new weekend alternative. Eight Washington power players model the star sweaters of the spring season against portraits of their mentors at the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery.

Distinguished

D. MICHAEL MURRAY, A SENIOR PARTNER WITH MURRAY AND SCHIER, a Washington-based consulting firm, is pictured with thought leader Chander's portrait of FIVE: The 10-page brochure is the "working book," a handbook by the author that details his business strategy. "Research," says Murray, "was the New Lead. Research was the complete President. He could make a room and run, and through it all he always had the right spirit of the American marketplace." Murray's approach, says he, "is to take the business and make it work, and make it work in the future."



Men of Sweaters

by John Mather

Portraits by former
White House photographer
Michael Evans

JAMES SASSER, DEMOCRATIC SENATOR OF TENNESSEE, endorses, Gray appear with fellow Tennessee native Arturo Jaitovic. The portrait was painted in 1820 by John C. W. Ral. James Sasser, a senator, Jack was an "an independent American man. He was tough, subtle, and had a fine ear for hearing the voice of the people. He established a tradition of understanding in Tennessee, and all of us who represent it must try to live up to that reputation."



ED TOWNS, new YORK DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMAN, stands with a larger-than-life bronze bust of MLK Jr. given a 1987 award. Johnson was Senate Minority Leader and died four years later, after he announced the presidency. Towns, who works on a variety of key committees, says King "gave us a vision of a nation that we didn't understand the importance of the struggle for. As a result, he was able to gain the support of the President and the Congress."

Small inset: bronze bust of King by Robert Rauschenberg, given to Towns by the House.



JAMES ROSEBUSH, deputy assistant to the president, and **NANCY ROSENBERG**, chief of staff, stand in the White House. Rosebush, who was a member of the House of Representatives from 1981 to 1984, is the chief of staff to the President. Rosenberg, who was a member of the House of Representatives from 1981 to 1984, is the chief of staff to the President. Rosebush, who was a member of the House of Representatives from 1981 to 1984, is the chief of staff to the President. Rosenberg, who was a member of the House of Representatives from 1981 to 1984, is the chief of staff to the President.

Where Pelham Fell

himself—his existence—were the true outcome of the fray: a florid, bald-headed man slumped in a ruffling posture, hitching his knee pants up repeatedly to keep them above the hemline of his fading legs, stricken by the deep blue plunge of loss for those things he wanted but now knew he would not have; for those things he possessed and loved but whose time was past, for myth and time itself, for what was, for the impossibility of ever being there.

And yet he would return from the battlefield unscathed.

[illegible]

Alighted without signaling, the Colonel reared to the shoulder and turned on the country road, grim but unrepentant of the manner he made for the acolyte behind him. Before the privilege of mobility had been taken from him, he had spent the afternoons in aggravated search for the location of Peilwe's stables. The direction of the marker was vague—low ridges to the southeast—and the road that supposedly went there split, forked, crisscrossed, and looped through pine and baylands without leaving Taylor to the ford of the river. Sixteen miles later he threw up his hands and jogged west, eventually arriving at a dead-end place that he turned back to. (Nov. 20)

assimilated. From the dissonance of the general he had learned that an opportunity removed by destiny could not be prevented. This was the lesson themselves also hastened both under the influence of such notions through the same geography, wandering here and there until suddenly they met and clasped. The paths they followed were subject to no lasting change. What was right yesterday might be wrong today. But that was the nature of rebel territory—a knife-edge. The Colonel, in his determination to see that the interests of the community were not sacrificed to the whims of his mass, had turned to rail, to highways, to railways. Vietnam, he thought, was the abode of the South, mother of the destruction. These were the states that sent their young men to war, the houses where the lack-

wounded returned to Spain, where the enemy plundered, where the successionist ladies wept through the night as the cones marched by. What did people in the North know of the violence of terror that had settled in the cones and beams of these estates? Where in America were there such noble structures, one after another after another, league after league, each a silent record of strife and defeat? It was not an exaggeration.

say that the Colorado desert first became a highway. The intersection of the paved road and an orange-red gravel road led left and right. Taylor collected a southern desertism by examining the sun. The observer had advanced three miles. He swung left, pleased that the road once crossed, unimpaired by heavy loads. In the south, ever swampy ground crested, he saw more, by its proximity to the river. For four miles across the road warmed through this line, not countryside making of bog not, restricted to desquamation away, and then ascended to higher land, to river in sight, no water crossing, no defect visible, no more of borderly, nothing but the warm heat of scripture.

By God, I'm missing in action, the Colonel thought, confused as to his whereabouts. And that was how he met President Tross and ended up in possession of the bomb.

Orating, no! he shouted the plea of racing waters half mile in the distance. The road he was on went off away from him, but there was a narrow track between two rows of trees that he could follow. He thought it might open in the right direction. On the opposite fringe of the grove, the Colonel now had been blundered onto private property—near a trash barrel at that. The track wasn't a road at all but a drive dead-ending at a fence. The Colonel turned and saw the center of a cluster of chaletlike outbuildings and raised pens. An ancient pink refrigerator stood nearby on a concrete porch. The only color in the monotony of gray and weathered wood was a red door. The Colonel stepped under the boardwalk and looked on a slant. Colonel Coates tried to reverse back through the woods, but he went up to such a maze of trees. The true shafts went off the packed dirt and sprang up into the sky like the first leader of a band. The road was a

It must be understood that the Colonel was not a man who was untidy, who had no insight into his behavior. He knew full well that he was becoming more spellbound by both the sacred and profane than ever before. Contact with the world at large was lost or arrived on an unworkable schedule. So distressed was he by this condition, he had devised a plan for its regular moments. If you get confused, no doubt. If you sit down, stay up until the next breathless.

He remained where he was, smoking Chesterfields with purposeful determination, the ashes collecting in his lap. Pocket lines formed in the undershawl beneath the skirt of moss. Then the game played on late, and an ineffective hail of grape-shot bounced across

the hood of the wagon. The Colonel withdrew the analogue, battling against the inertia of the vision. Then came his capture and subsequent imprisonment at Fort Delaware, the parole, and at last the shameful journey home.

President Truett was a tolerant man but eventually he became annoyed that his best dog was laying itself out for home. When Truett came out in the porch of the house he was in, he noticed the Colored school bus and decided down onto the car seat, felt immediately foolish in doing so, and rose back into view. He cracked open the window, shouting out with as much vigor as was left in his voice:

President Truss hailed in front of the station wagon, wary of trucks. No telling what was up when a white man blockaded your drive. "Stah!" he used superlatively. "That's good news. What y'all want 'round here?"

The Colonel adjusted his eyeglasses. "I'm looking for Kelly's Ford, where Polking left."

"That's a fact," President Truitt said. He slowly pointed in the direction the Colonel had come from. "You way off. You about two miles east of the crossing."

"In that no," said the Colonel. "Much obliged." He stepped on the gas. A volley of steel kicked into the air over President Trench's head. The rear wheels spun in place.

[illegible]

below that it seems coincidental, that something presidential had happened, that Jesus had said him a chicken hawk to rob the Trans clan of the rooster burden they had accepted as their own for more than a hundred years, the remains of the soldiers President's grandchild had plowed up in the first piece of land he cleared as a free man, a shaveroon in the year 1867. President Trans licked the dry crust of his lips, looked down at his cracked hands and at they were

"What you 'sposed to see at it? Kelly's Ford anyway? Ain't neither there worth even a quick look."

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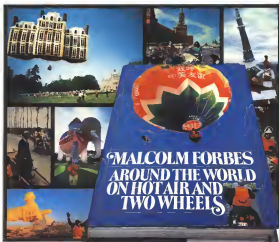
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Simon and Schuster

Where Pelham Fell

[illegible]

"How do we track out trails to love death?" he asked her in bed the evening of the second day, the fumes of watergunn antiseptics rising off his skin.

"They'll be pleased with their own," he answered. "I'm working on it."

What do you remember of your life, the Colonel had asked President Truett in the shed. It isn't over yet, President said. I remember everything—the girls, the doctors, the weather. What about white men? the Colonel was eager to know. President answered, They was around. Then he told the Colonel about his sugar plantation and said that the houses because there wasn't a Truett alive or dead who was willing to put farms to rest. Not on Truett property around.

The Colonel cleared his worktable of ancient tools and spread the contents of the sacks across the length of his gaming surface. He turned on the radio, lit a Chesterfield, and surveyed what he had. He counted twelve prime cradles but only ten skulls and nine jawbones. One of the jaws had gold fillings in several of the lower teeth, evidence, staring in the integrity of bone passing through generations of Tross, of commerce.

Well, twelve men then, a squad, a lost patrol, eighteen complete though fractured legs between them sharing twenty first, one stake in its boat. The first and second day the Colonel reconstructed what he could of twenty-five hands from two hundred and sixteen finger joints. He divided the ribs up, thirteen to a soldier.

Some things, various suggested, but he didn't speak of it to anyone. Deep objects in the swirling began to erupt from his hands, his heart when he crunched them and he put on shagreen gloves and wore them whenever he was out there. His hands became rough and the pace of his work slowed. He started the third day signing wordless notes upon wood and gave it up by lunch. His interest trans-ferred to those material objects that hid from the naked, the best with its curls of airy knots, a cartilage like soft woodlands snail, a few twisted, sinuous, like best footless birds stained with black, and he found the first day with oxygen and brags to bustle, most fortunate fragments of lumber and scraps of delicate raw wood.

On the 18th day he brought to the world's press a wheelbarrow full of books and repaired documents from his study in the house, prepared to concentrate on the lecture, but the world and the boys loomed. The weather changed, bringing a frost and his legs cramped violently. Dippy helped him carry a space heater up from the cellar to supplement the one already glowing in the shop. When she delivered his lunch on the 19th day, she found him on a stool bent over the table, his reading glasses off-balance as he wrote, a book opened across his thighs, his attention fixed on the page. He was so absorbed in his work that he forgot to eat. A distraction like this required the bodies around him to step in and take care of him. It appeared as if he would never sleep. He did not. The volcano erupted again on the 20th. For the

Diddy turned the sound off. Taylor looked up at her as if she had somehow floated in.

"I'm done, damn it all," he said, scowling, and yet with a resigned look, the man nearest quickly returning, "These are General Feroz

"You don't have to tell me how close you are," she said. "I can hear the racket they're

The Colonel waved her away and she left. Diddy did not think his devotion to the home world or abroad, only unnecessary, wasted time for a man with nothing more to spend. She could have told Taylor: if he believed in what could not be properly understood, the

The bones were preparing to march. She loathed the clamor they made, a frightening, crazed exuberance. She returned to the house and refilled the anal oil canisters.

That night a thunderstorm moved in from the west, blowing down the eastern slope of the mountain. The Colonel couldn't sleep. He stood at the bedroom window and peered out, seeing storm clouds swirl the land. He sh-

back under the covers with his wife and left himself growing backward. His grivelled, tangled, yard-and-a-half-long twirling once again in the house. How too was Dippy, ripe in motherhood, squinting milk at his touch. And here were his school chums, the roster of names as familiar, Earn Billy's Boys one and all, Constant D. Constant A. Bellow be proud.

up with. Well I'll be, he used to himself at was
der. I went to school with them damn bones.

On the sixth day Diigo went to the workshop shortly after Taylor, disturbed by the intensive release of the radio music coming across the drive. Pushing open the door he was assaulted by a deaf roar. Handel's *Alto ruck*, the words and music drowned by loud noise. The Colonel was on his feet, at attention, singing with abandon although his lips were out of sequence with the broad cast of the performance for Holy Week.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

His face turned red and weep as she watched in anguish. His shirttails flapped out between his sweater and belt, the hems of those shoes were untied. His gloved hands gripped at his sides. The Criminal seemed trapped between euphoria and turmoil, singing to his audience of skulls accused since the tale.

His voice became cracked and hoarse as he repeated the lines, later each time with increasing passion. Diddy, thinking the Colonel had gone mad, was scared to death. She turned to the radio and pulled its plug from the wall. Taylor gradually became aware that his wife had joined her. We left a heavy perfume throughout his book. I have become so affected was a potent feeling of weightlessness—he could levitate if he chose to. He tried to smile lovingly but knew he failed in his expression. Diddy screamed at him, screaming, one hand to her mouth, as if he were insane. There a darkness came to her.

She helped him back to the house, insisted he take a sleeping pill, undressed his de-

importing body, and put him to bed. She couldn't make him for his supper, nor did he stir when she lapsed asleep later in the evening. She woke the following morning startled by the sound of the station wagon leaving the garage. By the time she reached the window there was nothing to see. She tak-

phoned the police to bring him back, covered herself with a house robe, and went to the kitchen to wait.

Two hours after the curfew at this wartime Effie Confederate Museum in Fayette, Ray observed an old man enter the building and perform a stiff-legged inspection of the display cases. Afterward, the same man approached the curfew with a request to view the muster rolls of the 48th Regiment. There was nothing unusual about the old man's desire, and the curfew agreed. He offered the

grasped a seat while he encouraged himself and went into the archives, but when he returned to the public area with the lists, the old man had left.

As he waited for the curator the Colonel was overwhelmed by a sense of intense desolation. The room seemed all at once to be crowded beyond capacity. He felt claustrophobic and began to choke. The noise was deafening, unbearable, and he was ashamed to think how Dicky and President Trues could tolerate it.

The film director, author of the *Calcutta* novel, can't breathe the air for all the souls he's shaken off. He darts off the wheel in his car, grasping toward his heart. The station was waiting off the road into a meadow-bright or black-eyed Susans: cranking out enough to Diddy to justify a closed coffin. The train taker was a childhood friend of Teyler's a mile to the military case and the dignity of others: even families, understanding of the price they're charged when leaving their own. With discretion he gave her the large coffin, the shroud left, assisted her in carrying the body, heavy and like into the morning parade, and then left, closing the doors behind him and out to such a glance over his shoulder whenever her head was as a wife, not act against the *Calcutta* novel, where she became the *Calcutta* novel's heroine.

She was dry-eyed and efficient throughout the service last burial in the Coast's first joint outdoor Wakeparks. Children and grand children weened that she was holding up so well that she had separated from the rest of the event, but when the impact arrived she would die, too. She could have told the not to concern themselves. She could have told them how relieved she was to be in the southern waters, the last of the last to leave the men who had broken from the Union at Gettysburg, how relieved she was to be in the Coast's first joint outdoor Wakeparks. She could have told them how relieved she was to be in the southern waters, the last of the last to leave the men who had broken from the Union at Gettysburg, how relieved she was to be in the Coast's first joint outdoor Wakeparks. She could have told them how relieved she was to be in the southern waters, the last of the last to leave the men who had broken from the Union at Gettysburg, how relieved she was to be in the Coast's first joint outdoor Wakeparks.

Dubious Achievements of 1985 Photograph Credits

FIGURE 1. The 1994-1995 season, the first season in which the 100% sampling method was used, was characterized by a very early start to the season, with the first case reported on March 1, 1995. The season was characterized by a very early start to the season, with the first case reported on March 1, 1995. The season was characterized by a very early start to the season, with the first case reported on March 1, 1995.

[illegible]

Equine Credits

[illegible]

NOTICE: The State of Tennessee is seeking to acquire the following property for the purpose of constructing a new highway interchange at the intersection of Interstate 75 and Interstate 24, near the city of Nashville, Tennessee. The property is located in the County of Davidson, Tennessee, and is owned by the following person(s):

[illegible]

WASH. (AP) — The U.S. Supreme Court on Monday rejected a bid by the National Labor Relations Board to force employers to bargain with unions over the issue of whether to hire or fire gay and lesbian employees. The court's 5-4 decision, in a case involving a federal contractor, is a significant victory for employers and a setback for the NLRB, which has been pushing for years to force employers to negotiate with unions over the issue of whether to hire or fire gay and lesbian employees. The NLRB had argued that the National Labor Relations Act, which governs the relationship between employers and unions, requires employers to bargain with unions over the issue of whether to hire or fire gay and lesbian employees. The court, however, ruled that the Act does not require employers to bargain with unions over the issue of whether to hire or fire gay and lesbian employees. The court's decision is a significant victory for employers and a setback for the NLRB, which has been pushing for years to force employers to negotiate with unions over the issue of whether to hire or fire gay and lesbian employees.

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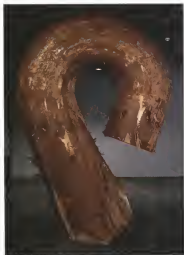
WOLFF
SYSTEM

The **Word** **Search** **Game** is **Trivial**

Forward Size Parameters: Growth and Weight (gms) 3-6

FUJII CHUICHI

by Paul Bob



SCULPTURE BY FUJII CHUICHI

Fuji Chuichi's bent-tree sculptures are a twist on tradition.

Rejecting the wood-carving details passed down by his ancestors, Chuichi (who was born in Nara Prefecture, Japan) began exploring contemporary materials such as metal and glass. He soon became discouraged by these limitations, however, and turned back to wood, substituting steel cables for chords. To realize his five-thousand-pound sculptures, Chuichi binds the body of a Japanese cedar in web of cables, slowly tightening them over the course of a year. He lets the tree's new shape emerge naturally and in harmony with his belief that even the most rigid obstacles can be overcome. His is represented by the Carpenter & Hachman Gallery, New York.



"Follow each tree to keep its identity; then the end is a surprise."

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You're driving 55 MPH on a rain-slick curve. Suddenly the unexpected: You stand on the brake pedal and steer to stay in your lane. You might expect Europe's most exotic cars to handle such a crisis effortlessly. Yet for all its awesome straight-line braking ability, Ferrari 308 GTSi failed to negotiate a 150-foot radius curve at maximum braking in USAC-certified testing. Lamborghini Countach failed. Lotus Esprit Turbo failed. Porsche 944 failed. Only the 1986 Corvette demonstrated the ability to steer and stop in these conditions at the same time. Only Corvette made the turn while coming to a controlled stop. When conditions turn foul, Corvette's new computerized Bosch ABS II anti-lock braking system is designed to help improve a driver's ability to simultaneously brake and steer out of trouble. Why does the Corvette feature the world's most advanced braking technology? Because a world-class champion should give you the edge in an emergency. **Corvette. A world-class champion.**

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